

The Illustrated
**LONDON
NEWS**

August 1981 95p

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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6997 Volume 269 August 1981

Cover: The marriage of the Prince of Wales to Lady Diana Spencer.
See page 43.

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Investiture of the Prince of Wales, Caernarvon 1969. By Michael Rizzello.



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The Range Rover now has two extra doors.

(Because one never knows when one might need them.)

The introduction of the four door Range Rover appears to have been a trifle overshadowed by a certain other event.

To those concerned, we take this opportunity to offer our congratulations.

And to remind them that the rear doors

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If you think the Range Rover is impressive outside St. Paul's, you should see it at a Polo ground or point to point.

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lot less chance of falling off too.)

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And its unique driving position gives an almost bird's eye view of the road.

MORE THAN JUST A FOUR DOOR.

Apart from adding two more doors, you'll find other improvements to the Range Rover.

We've added much more carpet (this can be removed for cleaning).

We've also added a cubby box between the front seats and pockets behind them.

Other interior improvements include three more inches of leg room and a more sophisticated wash/wipe system.

IMPROVEMENTS UNDER THE BONNET.

The Range Rover is fitted with a high compression engine with a low lift camshaft.

The most significant improvement that this offers is on fuel consumption.

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Illustration:
The Dewar Highlander.

ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★ THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by Italian dramatist Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Amadeus. Frank Finlay as Mozart's enemy Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Schaffer. Peter Hall directs the National Theatre production. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

Androcles & the Lion. Last year's production of Shaw's play, directed by Ian Talbot. With Brian Parr, Stephen Bridgen, Gabrielle Drake & Gary Raymond. *Open Air Theatre, Regent's Pk, NW1.* Until Aug 26.

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1.*

Anyone for Denis? New comedy by John Wells based on his column in "Private Eye", with Angela Thorne & John Wells as the Prime Minister & her husband. *Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1.*

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands, transferred from Stratford. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Until Aug 29.

Barnum. An American musical, ostensibly about the great showman, acted by Michael Crawford, will probably be remembered as a lively & ingenious circus. *Palladium, Argyll St, W1.*

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas. A silly title & a brassy American musical to match. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2.*

The Business of Murder. A really taut puzzle-play with a matching performance by Francis Matthews. *Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.*

Can't Pay? Won't Pay! Farce by Dario Fo about housewives fighting declining standards of living in 1974 Italy. Directed by Robert Walker with Alfred Molina, Maggie Steed & Sylveste McCoy. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

The Caretaker. Kenneth Ives directs Pinter's fine early play now revived with Norman Beaton, Troy Foster & Oscar James. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Cats. Trevor Nunn uses stage & auditorium boldly for Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats with names like Bustopher & Macavity. *New London Theatre, Drury Lane, WC2.*

The Comedy of Errors. Shakespeare's tangled Ephesian skein more tangled than ever in an astute production by Richard Digby Day. *Open Air Theatre.* Until Aug 25.

Dangerous Corner. J. B. Priestley's time play directed by Robert Gillespie with Gordon Whitehouse & Philip Lowrie. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.*

A Doll's House. Ibsen's play translated by Michael Meyer, directed by Adrian Noble. With Cheryl Campbell as Nora & Bernard Lloyd as Krogstad. *The Other Place, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick.*

Don Juan. Molière is often troublesome in English &, except for the economically managed supernatural scenes, this revival of a lesser-known play is unexciting. Nigel Terry is Juan. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Eastward Ho! A musical version of Ben Jonson's Jacobean comedy is the opening production for the new Mermaid Theatre. Directed by Robert Chetwyn. *Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4.* Until Aug 15.

Educating Rita. Willy Russell's comedy transferred from The Warehouse. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Shirin Taylor & Mark Kingdon. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

The Forest. New translation of Ostrovsky's comedy about the adventures of two strolling players. Directed by Adrian Noble with Alan Howard, Richard Pasco & Barbara Leigh-Hunt. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* Until Aug 27.

Goose-Pimples. New play devised & directed by Mike Leigh, with Marion Bailey, Jill Baker, Jim Broadbent & Antony Sher. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

The Hollow Crown. Anthology compiled by John Barton on the subject of kingship & royalty. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2.*

House Guest. A wholly inventive thriller by Francis Durbridge, with Susan Hampshire & Gerald Harper. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

How I Got That Story. Comedy by Amlin Gray with Robert Lindsay & Ron Cook. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.*

It's Magic. Paul Daniels is not only an unusually loquacious conjurer, he is also an exceedingly dextrous one. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat. Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical directed by Peter Clapham, with an all-black cast. *Ashcroft, Croydon, Surrey.* Until Aug 8.

The Life of Galileo. Brecht's long & determined biographical play is graced by a progressively complete performance by Michael Gambon & a full production by John Dexter. *Oliver, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

The Mad Show. Eccentric British variety acts. *Collegiate, Gordon St, WC1.* Until Aug 29.

Man & Superman. This National Theatre achievement gives Shaw's entire text, with the Juan-in-Hell interlude, directed by Christopher Morahan. Exceptional speaking by Daniel Massey, Penelope Wilton & Michael Bryant. *Oliver.*

Measure for Measure. Regret it as we may, the average West Indian voice is not for Shakespeare, & Michael Rudman's busy translation of the play to a Caribbean island gets monotonous. *Lyttelton.*

The Merchant of Venice. John Barton's Stratford production, richly imagined, has David Suchet as a strikingly unusual Shylock & Sinead Cusack as a Portia to remember. *Aldwych.* Until Aug 27.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. New production by Ron Daniels with Mike Gwilym, Joe Marcell, Jane Carr, Philip Franks, Juliet Stevenson, Simon Templeman & Harriet Walter. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.*

The Mitford Girls. Musical memoir based on the lives of the Mitford sisters dramatized by Ned Sherrin & Caryl Brahms with music by Peter Greenwell & choreography by Anton Dolin. Directed by Patrick Garland with Patricia Michael, Gay Soper, Liz Robertson & Oz Clarke. *Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex.*

A Month in the Country. Using a very full Turgenev text, translated by Isaiah Berlin, Peter Gill's sympathetic production is helped by the playing of Francesca Annis, Caroline Langrishe & Ewan Stewart. *Oliver.*

Much Ado About Nothing. One of the few modern-dress revivals—the period is about 1920—that does justify itself & has witty performances by Kate O'Mara & Gary Raymond. *Open Air Theatre.* Until Aug 29.

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development is back again. Jill Martin as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton triumphantly in command as her professor. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 4,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Oklahoma! Though nothing can eclipse the memory of that Drury Lane opening night in 1947, time has not dulled the Richard Rodgers score—or, for that matter, the Hammerstein lyrics. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

One Mo' Time. New jazz musical from Broadway set in 1920 New Orleans. Directed by Vernel Bagneris with the original American cast. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.*

One Night Stand. Comedy written by Mike Harding about a young rock group in the early sixties. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

One-Woman Plays. Trilogy by Dario Fo & Franca Rame, directed by Michael Bogdanov, with Yvonne Bryceland. *Cottesloe.*

Overheard. A tepid comedy by Peter Ustinov that comes alive in the diplomatic exchanges of the last act. Ian Carmichael is, precisely, the British Ambassador. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

Pal Joey. Siân Phillips, superb as the wealthy Chicago woman, in an entirely new world for her—the revival of a musical, score by Richard Rodgers, that has become something of a classic. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Pleasure & Repentance. Anthology compiled by Terry Hands on the theme of love & marriage. *Fortune.*

Present Laughter. Donald Sinden, as the egocentric actor for whom the world's a stage, heads the best Coward revival for years. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

Pygmalion. Return of Shaw's comedy seen earlier this year, with Lorraine Chase as Eliza. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Aug 17-29.

Quartermaine's Terms. New play by Simon Gray, directed by Harold Pinter, set in an English school

for foreigners in Cambridge in the early 60s. With Edward Fox, Prunella Scales, Robin Bailey & James Grout. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Restoration. Edward Bond directs the world premiere of his first musical. With Simon Callow, Nicholas Ball & Irene Handl. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.*

St Mark's Gospel. Alec McCowen brings back his successful one-man show where he retells from memory the entire New Testament book. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.* Until Aug 8.

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance. John Arden's play about a group of soldiers arriving in a strike-bound northern town. Directed by John Burgess with John Thaw as Musgrave. *Cottesloe.*

The Shadow of a Gunman. Sean O'Casey's play directed by Michael Bogdanov from Stratford's The Other Place. With Michael Pennington, Norman Rodway & Dearbhla Molloy. *Warehouse.* Until Aug 29.

The Shoemaker's Holiday. John Dexter's fine production of Dekker's entirely endearing comedy of the Gentle Craft & of Simon Eyre, the cordwainer, Lord Mayor of London. *Oliver.*

They're Playing Our Song. Martin Shaw & Gemma Craven head the cast in what is virtually a two-part musical with a swift book by Neil Simon & some pleasant tunes by Marvin Hamlisch. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.*

13th Night. Political thriller by Howard Brenton, directed by Barry Kyle. With Domini Blythe, Michael Pennington, Raymond Westwell & Derek Godfrey. *Warehouse.* Until Aug 25.

To Come Home to This. Black comedy by Carol Bunyan. *Royal Court Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1.*

Translations. Brian Friel's play, transferred from Hampstead, tells of the friction arising when the British Army arrive in 1833 Donegal to make the first maps. *Lyttelton.* From Aug 6.

Troilus & Cressida. New production directed by Terry Hands with Carol Royle & James Hazeldine. *Aldwych.* Until Aug 25.

The Twin Rivals. George Farquhar's Restoration play directed by John Caird. With Miles Anderson, Mike Gwilym & Miriam Karlin. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Underneath the Arches. Musical tribute to Bud Flanagan & the Crazy Gang, written by Patrick Garland & Brian Glanville. With Roy Hudd, Christopher Timothy & Chesney Allen. *Chichester Festival Theatre.*

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? Edward Albee's drama directed by Nancy Meckler, with Paul Eddington, Mary Maddox, Joan Plowright & David Schofield. *Lyttelton.*

The Winter's Tale. New production directed by Ronald Eyre, with Patrick Stewart, Gemma Jones, Leonie Mellinger, Sheila Hancock & Geoffrey Hutchings. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

First nights

A Talent to Abuse. Extended version of Richard Huggett's dramatized portrait of Evelyn Waugh. *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.* Aug 3.

The Killing Game. New play by Thomas Muschamp about SAS company in contemporary Northern Ireland. Directed by Derek Martinus, with Hannah Gordon, Peter Gilmore, Philip Bond & Lewis Fiander. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Aug 5-29.

Tonight at 8.30. Noël Coward's triple bill of three short musical comedies, directed by Jonathan Lynn. With John Standing, Estelle Kohler & Hugh Lloyd. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.* Aug 6.

Jelly Roll Soul. An impression of the life of jazz musician Jelly Roll Morton by John Cumming, with music by Tony Haynes. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Aug 10-Sept 5.

The Mayor of Zalamea. 17th-century play by Calderon about honour & civil justice in time of war. Adrian Mitchell's translation is directed by Michael Bogdanov with Michael Bryant, Yvonne Bryceland, Basil Henson & Daniel Massey. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Aug 12.

Much Ado About Nothing. New production of Shakespeare's comedy directed by Peter Gill with Penelope Wilton as Beatrice & Michael Gambon as Benedick. *Oliver, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Aug 14.

The Sound of Music. New production of Rodgers & Hammerstein's musical with Petula Clark, Michael Jayston, Honor Blackman & Junë Bronhill. *Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1.* Aug 17.

Chapter Two. Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy, directed by Peter James, with Maureen Lipman. *Lyric, W6.* Aug 24.

Children of a Lesser God. British premiere of a

love story about the conflict of wills between a speech therapist & his deaf & dumb student. *Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4.* Aug 25.

Iphigenia in Lixourion. A 17th-century Greek comedy from the Edinburgh Festival by the Amphi-Theatre of Athens. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Aug 25-Sept 6.

London International Festival of Theatre (detailed information from LIFT Box Office, Piccadilly Hotel, Piccadilly, W1):

Theatre of the 8th Day. Poland. *New Half-Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1.* Aug 3-8 & 10-15.

Suasana Theatre Ensemble. Malaysia. *Shaw, Euston Rd, NW1.* Aug 3-8.

Die Vaganten. W Germany. *Tricycle, 269 Kilburn High Rd, NW6.* Aug 3-8.

Teatr Provisorium. Poland. *ICA, The Mall, SW1.* Aug 4-9.

Grupo de Teatro Macunaima. Brazil. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Aug 5-15.

Luis Ramirez. Peru. *ICA.* Aug 6-16 (lunchtime).

Tamagawa Dance & Drama Group. Japan. *Tricycle.* Aug 10-15.

Greta Chute Libre. France. *Old Half-Moon, 27 Alie St, E1.* Aug 10-15.

Het Werkteater. Holland. *ICA.* Aug 11-16.

★ CINEMA ★

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

All Night Long. Comedy about an American businessman demoted to running an all-night drugstore. Directed by Jean-Claude Tramont with Gene Hackman & Barbra Streisand.

Altered States. Director Ken Russell's first American film deals with sensory-deprivation experiments at Harvard University. With William Hurt & Blair Brown.

The Antagonists. Reduced version of a TV series about the siege of Masada. Only Peter O'Toole as a Roman general is irreducible.

The Aviator's Wife. Law student witnesses a day in his girl-friend's affair with her ex-lover. Directed by Eric Rohmer with Philippe Marlaud & Marie Rivière.

The Caveman. Prehistoric comedy with Ringo Starr & Barbara Bach. Directed by Carl Gottlieb.

Chariots of Fire. Stirring British film about two athletes, Eric Liddell & Harold Abrahams, striving for excellence in the 1924 Olympics. It says a lot about class, religion & England & is most movingly written by Colin Welland.

Clash of the Titans. Enjoyable fantasy adventure for children based on the story of Perseus, with some impressive special effects. Directed by Desmond Davis, with Harry Hamlin, Judi Bowker, Siân Phillips, Burgess Meredith & Laurence Olivier.

Condorman. Michael Crawford plays the writer of a comic strip who lives out the fantasy world he creates. Directed by Charles Janott, with Oliver Reed & Barbara Carrera.

Death Hunt. Based on the story of the biggest manhunt ever carried out by the Canadian Mounties. Charles Bronson plays a tracker framed for murder with Lee Marvin as a Mountie sergeant in pursuit. Directed by Peter Hunt.

Death Watch. Bertrand Tavernier's grim account of an Orwellian future world in which TV plugs in to the spectacle of people dying. Romy Schneider & Harvey Keitel are good but the film lacks narrative style.

Excalibur. John Boorman directs this film based on Malory's "Morte Darthur." With Nicol Williamson, Nigel Terry, Cherie Lunghi & Nicholas Clay.

For Your Eyes Only. Faintly tiring James Bond epic in which our hero undergoes more perils than Pearl White. Couldn't they afford a story as well next time?

From the Life of the Marionettes. German film directed by Ingmar Bergman about an investigation into a prostitute's murder by a businessman.

The Great Muppet Caper. Kermit, Miss Piggy & the rest of the Muppets on the trail of a gang of jewel thieves. Also starring Diana Rigg & Charles Grodin. Directed by Jim Henson.

Gregory's Girl. Enchanting Bill Forsyth Scots comedy about the splendours & miseries of calfover. Catch the great Chic Murray as an ivory-tinkling headmaster.

The Last Metro. Winning Truffaut movie about how thespians survived in the Occupied Paris of 1942. Long on charm, short on moral acuteness but finely acted by Deneuve & Depardieu.

The Legend of the Lone Ranger. William Fraker directs Clint Eastwood, Michael Horse & Jason Robards in a new version of the classic western.

Lion of the Desert. Epic adventure set in the 1930s



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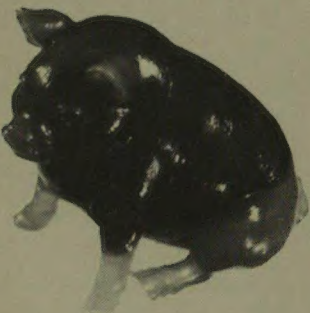
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and are shown approximately
actual size.



depicting conflict between a Bedouin patriot & an
Italian Fascist general. Directed by Moustapha
Akkad, starring Anthony Quinn, Oliver Reed,
Rod Steiger, John Gielgud & Irene Papas.

The Long Good Friday. A tough, fast, entertaining
film about a London gangster (the splendid
Bob Hoskins) grappling with the IRA. The best
British movie for some time.

Melvin & Howard. Low-budget, fast-moving ac-
count of an amiable loser who gives Howard
Hughes a ride & whose life never quite recovers.
Sharp observation undermined by a whizz-bang
director's style.

The Mouse & the Woman. Based on the powerful
story by Dylan Thomas set during & after the
First World War. Directed by Karl Francis.

Outland. Peter Hyams directs this film set in a
mining community on the third moon of Jupiter.
With Sean Connery, Peter Boyle & Frances
Sterhagen.

The Postman Always Rings Twice. Dark, power-
ful, erotic re-make of James M. Cain's classic tale
of Depression-era adultery & murder. Jack
Nicholson as a roving stud & Jessica Lange as a
sensual café-owner's wife strike sparks.

Raiders of the Lost Ark. Adventure film about an
archaeologist's attempts to secure the Ark of the
Covenant before the Nazis can. Directed by
Steven Spielberg with Harrison Ford, Karen Allen
& Denholm Elliot.

Riding High. Ross Cramer directs this film about
a young man who wants to become a stunt
motorcyclist. With Eddie Kidd, Irene Handl &
Murray Salem.

S.O.B. Comedy about the Hollywood film indus-
try, written, produced & directed by Blake
Edwards. With Julie Andrews, William Holden,
Larry Hagman & Robert Vaughn.

Tess. A tame, smooth, even account of Hardy's
novel directed by Roman Polanski. Nastassia
Kinski is a beautiful Tess, but the film lacks any
hint of passion or urgency.

That Sinking Feeling. Low-budget Bill Forsyth
film about a group of Glasgow kids robbing a
warehouse. It has the Ealing touch.

This is Elvis. Documentary about the life of Elvis
Presley written, produced and directed by
Malcolm Leo & Andrew Solt. Original footage &
reconstructed scenes.

Time Bandits. Children's science fiction directed
by Terry Gilliam, who also wrote the screenplay
with Michael Palin. Ralph Richardson plays God.
Sean Connery Agammemnon, Ian Holm Napo-
leon & John Cleese Robin Hood.

★ BALLET ★

AKLOWA, Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1:
Drummers & dancers from Ghana. Aug 24-26.

BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO,
Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1:

Directed by Amalia Hernandez. Aug 17-Sept 5.

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM, Royal
Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Repertory of 15 ballets, including five London
premières. July 27-Aug 8.

KASATKA COSSACKS, Elizabeth Hall, South
Bank, SE1:

Russian, Ukrainian, Georgian & Moldavian
songs, music and dances in national costume. Aug
27-29.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET, Festival Hall,
South Bank, SE1:

La Sylphide, Rosalinda, Coppélia. July 27-Aug 15.

ALEXANDER ROY LONDON BALLET
THEATRE on tour:

Coppélia/Nutcracker Divertissement/Charades/
Soirée Musicale; A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Swan Theatre, Worcester. July 31-Aug 1.

Brewhouse, Taunton. Aug 3-5.

Stanwix Arts Theatre, Carlisle. Aug 28-29.

SCOTTISH BALLET, King's Theatre,
Edinburgh:

Ursprung/Five Ruckert Songs/pas de deux
(Carter, world première)/Symphony in D

(Scottish Ballet première of Kilian work); **The**
Water's Edge/Steps to.../Belong/All the Sun

Long (world première, choreography Garry
Trinder, music Bartok). Aug 4-8.

Gala evening, programme to be announced, at
Pitlochry Festival Theatre. Aug 23.

★ OPERA ★

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Col-
iseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Tristan and Isolde, conductor Goodall, new pro-
duction by Glen Byam Shaw & John Blatchley,
designed by Hayden Griffin, with Alberto Re-
medios as Tristan, Linda Esther Gray as Isolde,

Felicity Palmer as Brangäne, Norman Bailey as
Kurwenal, Gwynne Howell/John Tomlinson as
King Marke. Aug 8, 13, 18, 22, 28.

The Merry Widow, conductor Williams, with
Meryl Drower as Valencienne, Emile Belcourt as
Count Danilo, Eilene Hannan as Hanna Glawari,
Adrian Martin as Camille, Eric Shilling as Baron
Mirko. Aug 12, 14, 15, 19, 21, 25, 27.

Orfeo, conductor Eliot Gardiner, with Anthony
Rolfe Johnson as Orfeo, Patricia O'Neill as
Euridice, Jennifer Smith as Music, Della Jones as
Messenger. Aug 20, 26, 29.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA,
Lewes, Sussex:

Ariadne auf Naxos, conductor Rattle/Kraemer
(Aug 8)/Kuhn (Aug 10), with Helena Döse as
Ariadne, Maria Ewing as the Composer, Dennis
Bailey as Bacchus, Gianna Rolandi as Zerbinetta,

Donald Bell as the Music Master. Aug 1, 3, 6, 8,
10.

Fidelio, conductor Haitink, with Josephine Bar-
stow as Leonore, Anton de Ridder as Florestan,
Curt Appelgren as Rocco. Aug 2, 4.

Le nozze di Figaro, conductor Kuhn/Kraemer
(Aug 9), with Knut Skram as Figaro, Maria
Fausta Gallamini as Susanna, Colette Alliot-
Lugaz as Cherubino, Felicity Lott as the
Countess, Alan Titus as Count Almaviva. Aug 5,
7, 9, 11.

★ MUSIC ★

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:
87th Season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts:
(All take place at the Albert Hall at 7.30pm
unless otherwise stated.)

BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Singers,
conductor Bertini. Haydn, Symphony No 44
(Trauer); Dallapiccola, Canti di Prigionia; Mahler,
Symphony No 1. Aug 1.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Zollman; Philip
Langridge, tenor. Osborne, In Camera; Souster,
Sonata for cello, piano, seven wind instruments &
percussion; Lutyens, Fleur du silence; Birtwistle,
Silbury Air. **Round House, Chalk Farm Rd,**
NW1. Aug 2, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Gielen;
Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Thomas Allen,
baritone, Imogen Cooper, piano. Beethoven,
Piano Concerto No 2; Zemlinsky, Lyric
Symphony in seven songs. Aug 3.

Academy of Ancient Music, director Hogwood;
Judith Nelson, soprano; Stephen Preston, flute.
Haydn, Symphony No 83 (The Hen), Miseri noi!
miseri patri!; Mozart, Flute Concerto in G major
K313, Symphony No 31 (Paris). Aug 4.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Gielen;
Zoltan Kocsis, piano. Berg, Three Pieces; Mozart,
Piano Concerto No 12 K414; Brahms,
Symphony No 4. Aug 6.

BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, conductor
Groves; Yo Yo Ma, cello; Janet Craxton, oboe;
Thea King, clarinet. Haydn, Cello Concerto in D
major; Rainier, Concertante for Two Winds. Aug
7. (Pre-Prom talk by Priaux Rainier. Royal Col-
lege of Music. 6.30pm.)

BBC Concert Orchestra, BBC Singers, conductor
Matheson; Martina Arroyo, soprano; Kenneth
Collins, tenor; Peter Glossop, baritone; John
Tomlinson, bass. Verdi, La forza del destino. Aug
8, 7pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, BBC
Singers, Goldsmiths' Choral Union, conductor
Gielen; Jessye Norman, soprano; Gwendolyn Kil-
brew, mezzo-soprano; Wolfgang Neumann,
tenor; John Tomlinson, bass; Günter Reich,
speaker. Schönberg, Gurrelieder. Aug 10.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, Glyndebourne
Festival Opera, conductor Kuhn. Strauss,
Ariadne auf Naxos. Aug 13.

BBC Concert Orchestra, BBC Singers, conductor
Lockhart; Alexander Oliver, Katherine Pring,
Maldwyn Davies, John Kitchiner, Teresa Cahill,
Derek Hammond-Stroud, Anne Collins, Lillian
Watson, Graham Titus, Singers. Strauss II, The
Gypsy Baron. Aug 15.

City of London Sinfonia, BBC Singers, conductor
Hickox. Mozart, Lucio Silla. Aug 17, 7pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller;
Nigel Kennedy, violin; Colin Carr, cello. Webern,
Passacaglia Op 1; Brahms, Concerto in A minor
for violin, cello & orchestra; Dvorak, Symphony
No 9 (From the New World). Aug 18.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus (women),
Southend Boys' Choir, conductor Haitink;
Alfreda Hodgson, contralto. Mahler, Symphony
No 3. Aug 19.

Polish Chamber Orchestra, conductor
Maksymiuk; Christian Zacharias, piano. Haydn,
Symphony No 47; Stachowski, Divertimento for

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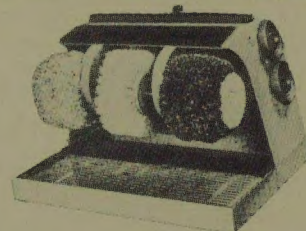
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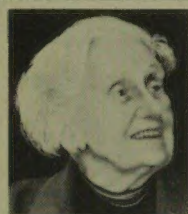
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string orchestra; Mozart, Piano Concerto No 14 K449; Tchaikovsky, Serenade in C major for string orchestra. Aug 21, 7pm.

BBC Singers, conductor Poole; Judith Rees, soprano; Peter Hurford, organ. Bach, Mendelssohn, Motets, anthems & organ preludes for liturgical feasts & seasons of the year. *Holy Trinity Church, Brompton Rd, SW7.* Aug 21, 9.30pm.

Les Percussions de Strasbourg. Birtwistle, For O, for O, the Hobby Horse is Forgotten; Timothy Bond, organ. Messiaen, L'Ascension; Thai Classical Music Group of Srinakharinwirot University, Bangkok. Classical music of Thailand. Aug 22. (Pre-Prom talk by Donald Mitchell & Dacre Raikes. Royal College of Music. 6.30pm.)

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Giulini; Katia Ricciarelli, soprano; Lucia Valentini-Terrani, contralto; José Carreras, tenor; Ruggiero Raimondi, bass. Haydn, Symphony No 94 (The Surprise); Rossini, Stabat Mater. Aug 23. English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Leppard; Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Stravinsky, Concerto in D; Mozart, Piano Concerto No 22 K482, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter); Wagner, Siegfried Idyll. Aug 24.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductors Rozhdestvensky, Lutoslawski; Heinz Holliger, oboe; Ursula Holliger, harp. Mozart, Serenade in D major K250 (Haffner); Lutoslawski, Concerto for oboe, harp & orchestra; Janacek, Taras Bulba. Aug 25.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Rozhdestvensky; Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone. Beethoven, Symphony No 6 (Pastoral); Taverner, Akhmatova Requiem. Aug 27. (Pre Prom talk by John Taverner. Royal College of Music. 6.30pm.)

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Berglund; Ida Haendel, violin. Sibelius, Pohjola's Daughter, Violin Concerto in D minor; Brahms, Symphony No 1. Aug 28.

Ustad Vilayat Khan, Ali Sujaat Khan, Zakir Hussain, Sultaan Khan, Niyaz Ahmed Khan. Classical music of India. Aug 28-29, 11pm-7am.

Taverner Players & Choir, conductor Parrott; Emma Kirkby, Judith Nelson, sopranos; Eirian James, mezzo-soprano; Neil Jenkins, tenor; David Thomas, bass. Bach, Mass in B minor. Aug 31.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:
(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)

Johann Strauss Orchestra & Dancers, Jack Rothstein, director & violin; Laureen Livingstone, soprano; Alan Woodford, tenor; Geraldine Stephenson, choreographer. The magic of Vienna. Aug 1, 7.45pm. EH.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Malcolm; Jack Brymer, clarinet. Mozart, Symphonies Nos 39 & 40, Clarinet Concerto K622, Overture The Marriage of Figaro. Aug 9, 7.30pm. FH.

London Sinfonietta & Voices, conductor Rattle; Elise Ross, soprano; Anton Weinberg, clarinet. Weill, Suite The Threepenny Opera, The Seven Deadly Sins; Milhaud, Clarinet Concerto, Carmel mou. Aug 9, 7.45pm. EH.

Vermeer Quartet. Beethoven, String Quartet in E flat (Harp); Bartók, String Quartets Nos 4 & 5. Aug 10, 7.45pm. EH.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Rattle; Tamás Vásáry, piano. Mozart, Sinfonia Concertante for wind K297b; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4; Bartók, Music for strings, percussion & celesta. Aug 11, 7.45pm. EH.

Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Martin Isepp, piano. Copland, Songs; Britten, The Poet's Echo; Rimsky-Korsakov, The Rose & the Nightingale; Mussorgsky, Gopak, Hebrew Song, Songs from the Nursery. Aug 12, 7.45pm. EH.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Rattle; Alfreda Hodgson, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Allen, baritone. Beethoven, Septet in E flat Op 20; Mahler, Des Knaben Wunderhorn. Aug 13, 7.45pm. EH.

Vermeer Quartet; Ian Jewel, viola. Bartók, String Quartets Nos 2 & 6; Beethoven, Viola Quintet in C Op 29. Aug 14, 7.45pm. EH.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Rattle; Willard White, Porgy; Laverne Williams, Bess; John Fryatt, Sportin' Life; Malcolm King, Crown; Gordon Sandison, Jake. Gershwin, Porgy & Bess. Aug 16, 7pm. FH. Cecile Ousset, piano. Debussy, Five Preludes Book 1, Six Preludes Book II; Mussorgsky, Pictures from an Exhibition. Aug 16, 3pm. EH.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Rattle; Jill Gomez, soprano; Tamás Vásáry, piano. Fauré, Incidental music to Pelléas et Mélisande; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 2; Bartók, Divertimento for strings; Cantaloube, Songs from the Auvergne. Aug 17, 7.45pm. EH.

Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Soler, Two Sonatas;

Mozart, Sonata in A minor K310; Bach/Busoni, Chaconne; Granados, Four Danzas Españolas, Allegro de Concerto; Falla, El Amor Brujo. Aug 18, 7.45pm. EH.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Rattle; Elise Ross, soprano; Philip Langridge, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; Lucero Tena, flamenco dancer; Carmelo Martínez, guitar. Falla, Albeniz, de la Maza, Sanz, Sor, Tarrega, Stravinsky. Aug 19, 7.45pm. EH.

Nash Ensemble; Howard Shelley, piano. Beethoven, Trio in G for flute, bassoon & piano, Piano Quintet in E flat Op 16; Ravel, Introduction & Allegro; Bartók, Contrasts for clarinet, violin & piano; Debussy, Sonata for flute, violin & harp. Aug 21, 7.45pm. EH.

English Chamber Orchestra, London Choral Society, conductor Rattle; Tamás Vásáry, piano; Jennifer Smith, soprano; Thomas Allen, baritone. Bartók/Dorati, Suite Op 14; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor); Fauré, Requiem. Aug 23, 7.45pm. EH.

★ FESTIVALS ★

Buxton International Festival, Derbys. July 25-Aug 9.

Brownsea Open-Air Theatre Festival, Dorset. July 27-Aug 7.

St Endellion Festival of Music & Drama, Nr Port Isaac, Cornwall, July 29-Aug 8.

Harrogate International Festival, N Yorks. July 29-Aug 12.

Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, Machynlleth, Powys. Aug 1-9.

Edinburgh Fringe Festival. Aug 10-Sept 5.

Edinburgh International Film Festival. Aug 16-23.

Edinburgh International Festival. Aug 16-Sept 5.

Three Choirs Festival, Worcester. Aug 23-29.

Arundel Festival, W Sussex. Aug 29-Sept 6.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

All Stations. Journey through 150 years of railway stations. Science Museum, Exhibition Road, SW7. Until Sept 27, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Armoured Warfare. Photographic exhibition illustrating the development of armoured fighting vehicles & their influence on military doctrine. Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1. Until 1982, Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

Art as Decoration. Summer exhibition of paintings & sculptures from 17th to 19th centuries. Heim Gallery, 59 Jermyn St, SW1. Until Aug 28, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm.

Art of the Book. MSS, bindings, printing & book illustration from the National Art Library tracing book development from medieval times to the present. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Until Sept 30, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

The Artist's Eye. Four of the Gallery's paintings selected by David Hockney to hang alongside one of his works. National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, SW1. Until Aug 31, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Artists of Today & Tomorrow II, including work by Moy Keightley. Mixed show of paintings & drawings. New Grafton Gallery, 42 Old Bond St, W1. Until Sept 9, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. Closed Aug 31.

Bike '81, international motorcycle show. Earl's Court, SW5. Aug 21-31, 21st 2-7pm, Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun from 11am. £2.

By Trolleybus. Models, slides, photographs & maps showing trolleybuses from their invention 50 years ago to their continuing use today. London Transport Museum, Covent Garden, WC2. Until Nov 1, daily 10am-6pm. £1.60.

Canaletto, paintings, drawings & etchings from the Royal Collection. Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace, SW1. Until end 1981, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 75p. Open Aug 31.

Anthony Caro, recent bronzes. Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood House, Hampstead Lane, NW3. Until Aug 31, daily 10am-7pm. 25p.

The Chalon brothers, landscape, the theatre & caricature in the works of 19th-century artists Alfred-Edouard & John James Chalon. Victoria & Albert Museum. Until Oct 4.

Children's Books of the Year exhibition. National Book League, Book House, 45 East Hill, SW18. Until Aug 8, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

John Closterman. English baroque portraits including the recently acquired "The Third Earl of Shaftesbury & his Brother" & "The Family of John Taylor". National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2. Until Oct 4, Mon-Fri 10am-

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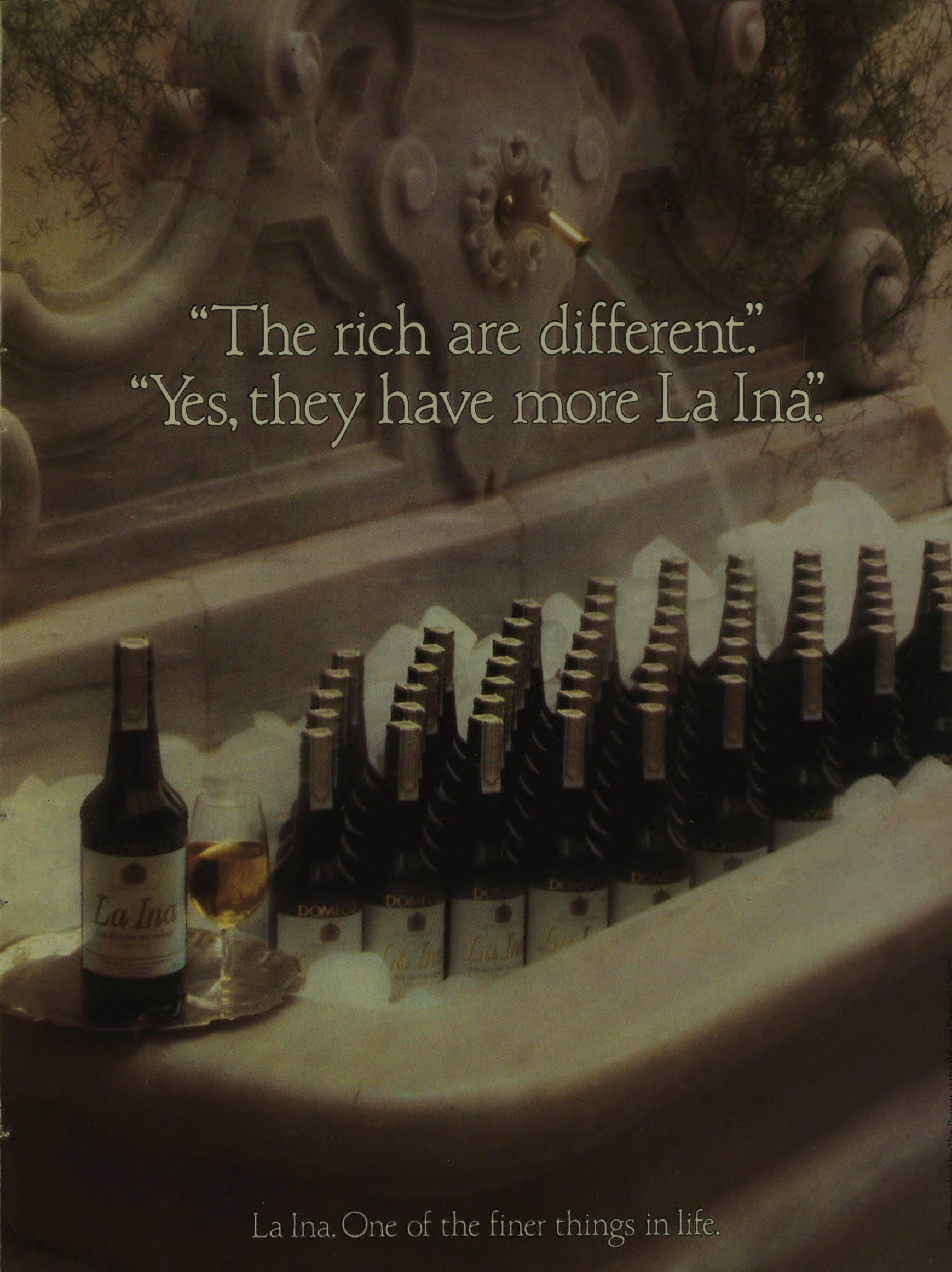
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Cecil Collins, retrospective of prints. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1*. Aug 5-Nov 1, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Configuration 1910-40 & seven **Tatlin reconstructions**, including works by Ernst, Gabo, Kandinsky, Léger, Lissitzky & Mondrian. *Annelly Juda, 11 Tottenham Mews, W1*. Until Sept 26, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Aug 31.

Cut Here, paper cut-out toys & models back to the early 19th century. *Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2*. Until Nov 1. Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

100 Years of Electricity Supply to the Home, exhibition in conjunction with the Electricity Council of lighting & domestic equipment. *Science Museum*. Aug 4-1982.

Fifty years of British Design. Celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Society of Industrial Artists & Designers including work by Graham Sutherland, Paul Nash, Robert Heriote, David Mellor, Ken Grange, Mary Quant & Alex Moulton. *Design Centre, 28 Haymarket, SW1*. Until Sept 5, Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Weds, Thurs until 9pm.

The Gauls. Major exhibition of Celtic antiquities from France. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Sept 13, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Happy Ever After. Royal wedding souvenirs from James II to Elizabeth II. *Sotheby's Belgravia, 19 Motcomb St, SW1*. Until Aug 28, Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.30pm.

Paul Hirsch Music Library, printed music, MSS, books on music; & the **Olga Hirsch Collection** of decorated papers. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Sept 20.

Historic Monuments in Britain, pictorial exhibition. *The Crypt, St Paul's Cathedral, EC4*. Until Aug 31. Mon-Sat 11am-4.15pm except during special services. 40p.

Japanese ceramics from the Reitlinger Collection. *Sotheby's, 34/35 New Bond St, W1*. Aug 3-28, Mon-Fri 9am-4.30pm.

Sir William Goscombe John, RA, bronzes, drawings, metalwork, medals & wood panels & contemporary work by Gilbert, Frederic, Leighton, Thornycroft, Carpeaux & Charpentier from the National Museum of Wales. *Sotheby's Belgravia*. Aug 12-21.

David Jones 1895-1974. Drawings, engravings & boxwood carvings from private collections. *Tate Gallery*. Until Sept 6. 60p (also admits to Ceri Richards exhibition).

Kuniyoshi 1797-1861, woodcut prints. *Japanese Gallery, 66D Kensington Church St, W8*. Until Aug 30, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

London delineated. Watercolours from the Museum's collection & the Guildhall Library. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2*. Until Sept 13, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Tom Millea "The birth of a vision: Carmel Valley 1979-80", platinum photographic prints. *Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Rd, NW3*. July 31-Sept 4, Mon-Sat 11am-6pm, Fri until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Aug 31.

New Glass. Modern glass from New York's Corning Museum of Glass demonstrating the wide range of uses of the medium, both in fine art & in practical terms. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Oct 11. £1.

Observers of Man, photographs by 19th- and early 20th-century anthropologists from the collection of the Royal Anthropological Institute. *Horniman Museum, London Rd, SE23*. Until Sept 14, Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Old & modern masters of photography. Arts Council touring exhibition of photographs from the 1840s to the present including work by Kertész, Brandt, Cartier-Bresson, Beaton & McCullin. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Oct 4.

Norman Parkinson, 50 years of portraits & fashion. *National Portrait Gallery*. Aug 7-Oct 25. 50p.

Picasso's Picassos. Major exhibition drawn from the collection of the Musée Picasso in Paris of works from the artist's entire career. *Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1*. Until Oct 11, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £2 (£1 Mon & Tues-Sat 10am-noon).

Portraits of People at War. Portraits from the Museum's collection to mark the publication of the National Portrait Gallery of the final volume of the National Dictionary of British Portraiture. *Imperial War Museum*. Until Sept 27.

Portraits of Today. Contemporary portraits recently acquired by the gallery including paintings by Suzi Malin, Bryan Organ, Graham Sutherland, Andy Warhol. *National Portrait Gallery*. Until Aug 23.

Princely paintings from Mughal India, 16th- & 17th-century miniatures depicting life at the Mughal Court. *British Museum*. Until Sept 6.

Prince's Gate Collection. Old Master paintings & drawings bequeathed to the Courtauld Institute. *Courtauld Institute Galleries, 20 Portman Sq, W1*. Until Sept 1982, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.

Ceri Richards 1903-71. Major exhibition of constructions & paintings. *Tate Gallery*. Until Sept 6. 60p (also admits to David Jones exhibition).

David Roberts: artist adventurer 1796-1864. Scottish Arts Council exhibition of lithographs & other works by this Victorian topographer. *Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond St, W1*. Aug 3-26, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Royal Wedding Commemoratives approved by the Design Council. *Design Centre*. Until Sept 5.

Royal Wedding Dresses. Display of dresses from the Museum's royal collection. *Museum of London*. Until Aug 16.

Royal Wedding Presents. Gifts to Prince Charles & Lady Diana on exhibition in aid of charity of the Prince's choice. *St James's Palace, SW1*. Aug 5-Oct 4, Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.50.

Royal Westminster, paintings, sculpture, archaeological relics, illuminated MSS, gold & silver objects illustrating 1,000 years of history since the granting of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors royal charter. *RICS House, Parliament Sq, SW1*. Until Aug 31, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.80.

Sri Lanka. Major exhibition of cultural heritage & contemporary life. *Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8*. Until Sept 13, Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Stained Glass 1981. Panels & windows by members of the British Society of Master Glass Painters. *Southwark Cathedral, London Bridge, SE1*. Until Sept 30, daily 9am-6pm.

"Such stuff as dreams are made on". Remembering Denham Studios 1935-51. Pictorial display surveying the birthplace of many British films of the 1930s & 1940s. *Museum of London*. Until mid Aug.

Lady Diana Spencer. New portrait, commissioned by the National Portrait Gallery from Bryan Organ. *National Portrait Gallery*.

Summer Exhibition. *Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1*. Until Aug 16, daily 10am-6pm. £1.80 (Sun until 1.45pm £1.20).

Summer Show 2. Selection from the annual open submission. *Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gdns, W2*. Aug 8-Sept 6, daily 10am-6pm, Sat, Sun until 7pm.

Treasures for the nation. Friends of the National Libraries jubilee exhibition including books, bookbindings, MSS. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Oct 4.

Turner & the sublime. Works from the Turner Bequest & loans from North America tracing the artist's awareness of nature & the universe & man's role in the created world. *British Museum*. Until Sept 20.

Turner's first visit to Italy 1819, watercolours. *Tate Gallery*. Until Oct 25.

Twelve Points of View. Kodak exhibition of work by some of Britain's most distinguished professional photographers including Heather Angel, Patrick Eagar, Eric Hosking, Patrick Lichfield, Don McCullin, Doug Scott & Snowdon. *Science Museum*. Aug 1-Sept 27.

Leonardo da Vinci. 50 landscapes, plant & water studies from the royal collection at Windsor, & the Leicester Codex. *Royal Academy*. Until Oct 4, £1.80 (£1.20 Sun until 1.45pm).

Antiques fairs

Antiques Fair, The Bull, Olney, Bucks. Aug 2.

Antique Toys, Dolls & Miniatures Fair, Ivanhoe Hotel, Bloomsbury St, WC1. Aug 2.

Highlands Antiques Fair, Caledonian Hotel, Inverness. Aug 3-5.

Edinburgh Antiques Fair, Roxburghe Hotel, Edinburgh. Aug 10-12.

Biggleswade Antiques Drive-In, Old Warden Aerodrome, Nr Biggleswade, Beds. Aug 15.

Antiques Fair, King Edward Hall, Lindfield, Nr Haywards Heath, W Sussex. Aug 28, 29.

★ SALEROOMS ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month.

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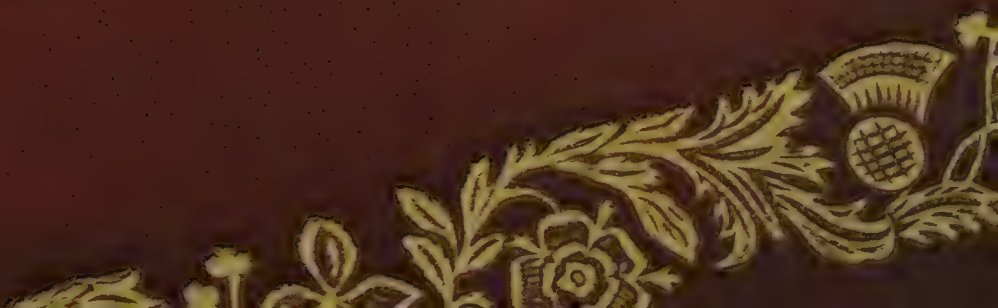
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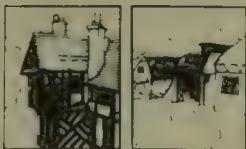
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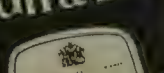
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English & Continental furniture. Aug 6, 13, 20, 27, 2.30pm.
European oil paintings. Aug 13, 27, 11am.
At the Royal Commonwealth Society Hall, 18 Northumberland Ave, WC2:
Stamps. Aug 28, 5.30pm.
CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:
Art Nouveau & Art Deco. Aug 4, 2pm.
Fans. Aug 4, 2pm.
Clocks & barometers. Aug 5, 2pm.
Mechanical music. Aug 6, 2pm.
Dolls. Aug 7, 2pm.
Costume & textiles. Aug 11, 18, 25, 2pm.
Sculpture & bronzes. Aug 12, 2pm.
Cameras & photographic equipment. Aug 13, 2pm.
Objects of vertu & miniatures. Aug 18, 2pm.
Arms & armour. Aug 19, 2pm.
Toys, trains, train sets & games. Aug 20, 2pm.
Motoring art & literature. Aug 20, 2pm.
PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:
Furniture, carpets & objects. Aug 3, 10, 17, 24, 11am.
Prints. Aug 3, 2pm.
Furniture, carpets & works of art. Aug 4, 11, 18, 25, 11am.
European ceramics & glass. Aug 5, 19, 11am.
Railways & railwayana. Aug 5, noon.
Musical instruments. Aug 6, 11am.
Silver & plate. Aug 7, 14, 21, 28, 11am.
Oil paintings. Aug 10, 24, 2pm.
Jewelry. Aug 11, 25, 1.30pm.
Oriental ceramics & works of art. Aug 12, 26, 11am.
The Richards Collection of lead soldiers. Aug 12, 13, 11am & 2pm.
Watercolours. Aug 17, 11am.
Pewter & metalware. Aug 18, noon.
Costumes, lace & textiles. Aug 20, 11am.
Art Nouveau & decorative arts. Aug 27, 11am.

★ LECTURES ★

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILD-
HOOD, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2:
Optical toys, C. Barnes. Aug 4-6, 2.30pm.
Punch & Judy & other street entertainments, K. Mears. Aug 11-13, 2.30pm.
Shadows from the East, A. Buddle. Aug 18-20, 2.30pm.
Paper panoramas, I. Stewart. Aug 25-27, 2.30pm.
BRITISH MUSEUM, Gt Russell St, WC1:
Julius Caesar & the Gauls, D. Williams. Aug 1, 2.30pm.
World of the Gauls: Who were the Gauls? Aug 5;
Cart & chariot burials, Aug 12; *Celtic art*, Aug 19; *The Gauls at war*, Aug 26; D. Williams; 1.15pm.
Thebes of the hundred gates: Medinet Habu, Aug 6; *Valley of the Kings*, Aug 13; *The tomb of Tutankhamun*, Aug 20; *Deir el Medina*, Aug 27; G. Hart; 1.15pm.
The Roman theatre, P. Vanags. Aug 7, 1.15pm.
Exploring Chaucer's England, K. Whitehorn. Aug 8, 2.30pm.
Augustus: Image of an emperor, P. Vanags. Aug 14, 1.15pm; Aug 22, 2.30pm.
Mummification, G. Hart. Aug 15, 2.30pm.
Augustus in the Roman world, P. Vanags. Aug 21, 1.15pm.
Chinese figure painting, M. Somerville. Aug 25, 1.15pm.
Rural life in the Roman Empire, P. Vanags. Aug 28, 1.15pm.
Archaeology & the Old Testament, D. Williams. Aug 29, 2.30pm.
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Place, WC2:
In connexion with the exhibition "50 Years of portraits & fashion": *Face to face*, N. Parkinson. Aug 11, 6.30pm. Tickets free in advance from Education Department.
TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:
Work of the month: Matisse's "The Back", various lecturers. Aug 1, 2, 8, 9, 15, 16, 22, 23, 29, 30, 2.30pm.
Tudor dreams—artists & sitters, L. Bradbury. Aug 1, 3pm.
Lodgings—a reading from the writing of David Jones, T. Durham. Aug 2, 9, 4.30pm.
The art of Ceri Richards, R. Cumming. Aug 5, 6.30pm.
Turner: The early years, Aug 6; *The years of maturity*, Aug 13; R. Humphreys; 1pm.
David Jones & Ceri Richards—an introduction, L. Bradbury. Aug 6, 13, 20, 27, 6.30pm.
Whistler's aesthetic inventions, L. Bradbury. Aug 7, 1pm.
Facts and fancies in the Age of Reason, L.

Bradbury. Aug 8, 3pm.
Constable's Hampstead, G. Lord. Aug 17, 1pm.
20th-century ideals & nightmares, L. Bradbury. Aug 22, 3pm.
William Blake, S. O'Brien Twohig. Aug 25, 1pm.
Ben Nicholson—English Abstraction, P. Turner. Aug 27, 1pm.
The sporting painters, A. Graham-Dixon. Aug 28, 1pm.
VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:
Royal pageant: William & Mary, S. Bowles. Aug 2; *Frederick, Prince of Wales—patron of the Rococo*, S. Jones. Aug 9; *Louis le Bienaimé—Louis XV, J. Gardiner*, Aug 16; "And what mortal ever heard/Any good of George the Third?", G. Darby. Aug 23; 3.30pm.
WELLINGTON MUSEUM, Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner, W1:
An introduction to Apsley House, F. Taylor. Aug 4, 1pm.
Portraits of Napoleon, S. Bowles. Aug 6, 1pm.
Velasquez, E. Graham. Aug 11, 1pm.
Dutch interior painting, S. Bowles. Aug 13, 1pm.
Regency interiors & furniture, P. Barton. Aug 18, 1pm.
Portraits, P. Barton. Aug 20, 1pm.

★ SPORT ★

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

FA Charity Shield: Aston Villa v Tottenham Hotspur, Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middx. Aug 22.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Stoke City, Aug 29.
Chelsea v Bolton, Aug 29.
Crystal Palace v Cambridge, Aug 29.
Fulham v Brentford, Aug 29.
Millwall v Preston, Aug 29.
West Ham v Brighton, Aug 29.

ATHLETICS

Scotland v Ireland v Denmark, men's & women's track & field, Meadowbank, Edinburgh. Aug 1, 2.
AAA Decathlon, Birmingham. Aug 1, 2.
AAA Open Championships, Crystal Palace, SE19. Aug 7, 8.
European Cup final, men & women, Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Aug 15.
Wales v Portugal v England, men & women. Cwmbran, Nr Newport, Gwent. Aug 15, 16.
Edinburgh Highland Games, Meadowbank. Aug 22.
European Cup for Combined Events, final, men's & women's decathlon & pentathlon, Birmingham. Aug 29, 30.

Amoco International Games: England v Cuba v Switzerland v Poland, men's track, men's & women's invitation, Crystal Palace. Aug 31.

CRICKET

(SC)=Schweppes Championship. (JP)=John Player League
England v Australia, Fourth Cornhill Test Match, Edgbaston, July 30-Aug 3; Fifth Cornhill Test Match, Old Trafford, Aug 13-17; Sixth Cornhill Test Match, The Oval, Aug 27-29, 31, Sept 1.
Lord's: Middx v Glos (SC), Aug 1, 3, 4; v Glos (JP), Aug 2; v Warwick (SC), Aug 8, 10, 11; v Warwick (JP), Aug 9; v Glamorgan (SC), Aug 22, 24, 25; v Glamorgan (JP), Aug 23; v Yorks (SC), Aug 26-28.
The Oval: Surrey v Leics (SC), Aug 12-14; v Middx (SC), Aug 15, 17, 18; v Somerset (JP), Aug 16.

EQUESTRIANISM

Nations' Cup Showjumping International, Hickstead, W Sussex. July 30-Aug 2.
Dublin Horse Show, Dublin, Eire. Aug 4-8.
Midland Bank Combined Training Championships, Locko Park, Spondon, Derbys. Aug 13-15.
Spiller's Ardingly Show, W Sussex. Aug 21, 22.
Hambro Life British Jumping Derby International, Hickstead. Aug 28-31.
Scottish Horse Show, Edinburgh. Aug 29, 30.
Greater London Horse Show, Clapham Common, SW4. Aug 29-31.

GOLF

English Amateur Championship, Burnham & Berrow GC, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset. July 27-Aug 1.
Ladies' British Open Championship, Northumberland GC, Newcastle-on-Tyne. July 29-Aug 1.
Seniors' Open Amateur Championships, Royal Liverpool GC, Hoylake, Merseyside. Aug 5-7.
Benson & Hedges International Open Tournament, Fulford GC, York. Aug 20-23.
Ladies' British Open Amateur Stroke Play Championship, Royal Norwich GC, Norfolk. Aug 26-28.

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HORSE RACING

Nassau Stakes, *Goodwood*. Aug 1.
 Hungerford Stakes, *Newbury*. Aug 14.
 Geoffrey Freer Stakes, *Newbury*. Aug 15.
 Yorkshire Oaks & Benson & Hedges Gold Cup, *York*. Aug 18.
 Tote Ebor & Great Voltigeur Stakes, *York*. Aug 19.
 Gimcrack Stakes & William Hill Sprint Championship, *York*. Aug 20.
 Waterford Crystal Mile, *Goodwood*. Aug 29.
MOTOR CYCLING
 Marlboro British Grand Prix, *Silverstone*, *Nr Towcester*, *Northants*. Aug 2.
SWIMMING
 Optrex National Swimming Championships, *Leeds*, *W Yorks*. Aug 6-9.
 Great Britain v France & Italy, *Blackpool*, *Lancs*. Aug 29-30.
YACHTING
 Cowes Week, *Isle of Wight*. Aug 1-9.
 Fastnet Race, start *Cowes*. Aug 8.
 Powerboat Race, *Cowes to Torquay*. Aug 29-31.
 Whitbread Round-the-World Race, start *Southsea*, *Hants*. Aug 29.

★ OTHER EVENTS ★

London Riding Horse Parade, *Rotten Row*, *W1*. Aug 2, 2.30pm.
Music on Film: Ludwig van Beethoven, Aug 4; The Life of Mozart, Aug 5; Der Rosenkavalier, Aug 6; Andres Segovia, Aug 7; Great Violinists, Aug 8; Queen Elizabeth Hall, *South Bank*, *SE1*.
 The Life of Handel. Dramatization for children of the life of the composer with recorded excerpts from the Water Music. Barge from *Lambeth Pier*, *SE1*. Aug 7, 14, 21, 28. Tickets from Fun with Music, 01-722 9828.
 Bluebell Railway 21st anniversary celebrations, *Sheffield Park Station*, *Uckfield*, *E Sussex*. Aug 8.
 International Railway Festival, *Crystal Palace Station*, *SE19*. Aug 10-28.
 Summer Flower Show, *RHS New Hall*, *Greycoat St*, *SW1*. Aug 11, 12.
 "Peasant, plague, pilgrim", an exploration of medieval London for children. *Museum of London*, *London Wall*, *EC2*. Aug 11-14, 18-21. Tickets free from Education Department.
 Military Tattoo, *Edinburgh*. Aug 12-Sept 5.
 Matchlight—British Poetry Today: Danny Abse, *Holland Park Orangery*, off *Kensington High St*, *W8*. Aug 13. Tickets from 23 Hereford House, 370 Fulham Rd, *SW10*.
 Carlisle Great Fair, *Cumbria*. Aug 22-31.
 Greenwich Clipper Week, many events connected with the Thames & the sea, *SE10*. Aug 22-31.
 Bank Holiday Flying Display, *Shuileworth Collection*, *Old Warden Aerodrome*, *Biggleswade*, *Beds*. Aug 30.

★ GARDENS ★

BERKSHIRE
 Hurst Lodge (Lady Ingram), *Nr Hurst*, *Reading*. Aug 30, 2-5.30pm.
 Orchard Cottage (Mrs Reginald Samuel), *Sutton Road*, *Cookham*, *Nr Maidenhead*. Aug 9, 2-6.30pm.
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
 Nether Winchendon House (Mrs Spencer Bernard), *Nether Winchendon*, *Nr Aylesbury*. Thurs. Aug 2, 31, 2-6pm.
 The Old Farm (Mrs Delap), *Bishopstone*, *Nr Aylesbury*. Aug 2, 2-7pm & by appt.
CHESHIRE
 Arley Hall (Hon M. L. W. Flower), *Nr Knutsford*. Daily except Mon, 2-6.30pm.
CORNWALL
 Bosloe (Nat Trust), *Mawnan Smith*, *Nr Falmouth*. Aug 2, 2-6pm.
 Trefice (Nat Trust), *Nr Newquay*. Daily 11am-6pm.
CUMBRIA
 Ash Landing Garden (Mr & Mrs G. Yates), *Far Sawrey*, *S of Ambleside*. Aug 1, 2-5pm.
 Holker Hall (Mr & Mrs Hugh Cavendish), *Cark-in-Cartmel*, *W of Grange-over-Sands*. Daily except Sat, 11am-6pm.
DERBYSHIRE
 Ednaston Manor (Mr L. V. Pickering), *Brailsford*, *Nr Derby*. Sun, 2-6pm, Wed, 1-4.30pm.
 The Limes (Mr & Mrs W. Belton), *Crow Lane*, *Apperknowle*, *Nr Chesterfield*. Aug 9, 23, 2-6pm.
DEVON
 Comrie (Mrs J. D. Lefeaux), *Smallridge*, *Nr Axminster*. Wed, 2-6pm.
 Restharrow (Mrs E. Simpson), *Bendarroch Rd*, *Westhill*, *Nr Ottery St Mary*. Aug 2, 16, 30, 2-

5.30pm & by appt.

DORSET

Forde Abbey (Mr G. D. Roper), *Nr Chard*. Wed, Sun, Aug 31, 2-6pm.
 Smedmore (Maj J. C. Mansel), *Kimmeridge*, *Nr Wareham*. Wed, Aug 30, 2.15-5.30pm.
ESSEX
 Hyde Hall (Mr & Mrs R. H. M. Robinson), *Rettendon*, *Nr Chelmsford*. Aug 16, 2-7 pm & by appt.
 Mount Hall (Mr & Mrs Edward Carbutt), *Gt Horkesley*, *Nr Colchester*. Aug 9, 2-7pm.
GLOUCESTERSHIRE
 Campden House (Mr & Mrs Philip Smith), *Nr Chipping Campden*. Aug 9, 2-6pm.
 Cecily Hill Gardens: 42 Cecily Hill (Mr & Mrs Robin Wainwright), 38 Cecily Hill (Rev & Mrs John Beck), *Cirencester*. Aug 9, 16, 2-6pm.
 Barton Mill House (Mrs Mullings), *Gloucester St*, *Cirencester*. Aug 30, 31, 2.30-6.30pm.
HAMPSHIRE
 Braishfield Manor (Mr D. E. Gibbs), *Nr Romsey*. Aug 9, 2-6pm.
 Hill House (Maj & Mrs W. F. Richardson), *Old Alresford*. Aug 2, 2-6pm.
HERTFORDSHIRE
 25 Berry Way (Mr & Mrs Frank Pinder), *Rickmansworth*. Aug 9, 2-7pm.
ISLE OF WIGHT
 Hamstead Grange (Lt-Col & Mrs Kindersley), *Nr Shalfleet*, *Yarmouth*. Aug 16, 2.30-6pm.
 Nunwell Park (Mr R. Nash), *Nr Brading*. Aug 2, 2-5.30pm.
KENT
 Brenley (Mr & Mrs Maurice Berry), *Boughton-under-Blean*, *Nr Faversham*. Aug 5, 6, 2-6pm.
 Holden House (Mr P. A. Godfrey Phillips), *Southborough*, *Nr Tonbridge*. Aug 31, 2-6pm.
LANCASHIRE
 Greyfriars (Mr & Mrs William Harrison), *Fulwood*, *Nr Preston*. Aug 9, 2-6pm.
LEICESTERSHIRE
 Gaddesby Hall (Mr & Mrs Gerrit van Ravenzwaay), *Gaddesby*, *Nr Leicester*. Aug 2, 2-6pm.
 Rockyfield (Mr & Mrs P. B. Heslop), *Uverscroft*, *Nr Markfield*, *Leicester*. Aug 30, 11am-dusk.
LINCOLNSHIRE
 Sausthorpe Old Hall (Mr W. F. Kochan), *Sausthorpe*, *Nr Spilsby*. Aug 23, 2-6pm.
LONDON
 2 Clifton Hill (Lt-Col & Mrs F. Jankel), *St John's Wood*, *NW8*. Aug 2, 2-7pm.
NORFOLK
 Barningham Hall (Sir Charles & Lady Mott-Radcliffe), *Matlaske*, *Nr Aylsham*. Aug 30, 2-6.30pm.
 Sandringham Grounds (The Queen), *Sandringham*. Sun to Thurs, except Aug 2: 10.30am-5pm weekdays; 11.30am-5pm Sun.
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
 Holdenby House (Mr James Lowther), *Nr Northampton*. Aug 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 31, 2-6pm.
OXFORDSHIRE
 Checkendon Court (Mrs Harold Phillips), *Checkendon*, *Nr Woodcote*, *Reading*. Aug 2, 2-7pm.
 D. R. Colegrave Seeds Ltd, *West Adderbury*, *Banbury*. Aug 16, 2-5.30pm.
SOMERSET
 Barrow Court (Mr & Mrs Richard Longman), *Galhampton*, *Nr Castle Cary*. Aug 9, 2-6pm.
 Stapleton Manor (Mr & Mrs G. E. L. Sant), *Marlock*, *Nr Yeovil*. Aug 16, 11am-6pm.
SURREY
 Annesley (Capt & Mrs Trechman), *Three Gates Lane*, *NE of Haslemere*. Aug 30, 2-6pm.
 Hascombe Court (Mr & Mrs M. E. Pinto), *Nr Godalming*. Aug 31, 2.30-6.30pm.
SUSSEX
 Cobblers (Mr & Mrs Martin Furniss), *Jarvis Brook*, *Crowborough*. Aug 2, 16, 2.30-6pm.
 Rye Gardens: Lamb House (Sir Brian & Lady Batsford); The Garden House (Mrs M. Hodgson), adjacent to Church and Town Hall. Aug 9, 2.30-6pm.
WILTSHIRE
 Biddestone Manor (Princess R. Loewenstein), *Biddestone*, *Nr Corsham*, *Chippenham*. Aug 2, 2-7pm.
 Bowood Gardens (Earl of Shelburne), *Nr Calne*. Tues-Sat, 2-6pm; Suns & Bank Hol Mon, noon-6pm.
WORCESTER
 Stone House Cottage Gardens (Maj & Hon Mrs Arbuthnott), *Stone*, *Nr Kidderminster*. Aug 2, 16, 30, Thurs, 2-6pm & by appt.
 Clent Hall (Mr C. Parkes), *Clent*, *Nr Stourbridge*. Aug 30, 31, 2.30-5.30pm.

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After the riots

The uneasy quiet that followed the eruption of violence in Southall, Wood Green, Brixton, Liverpool, Manchester and some other inner city areas in early July provided time for much-needed thought about what should be the British people's response to the riots which broke out so suddenly and spread so rapidly, though evidently not all provoked by identical situations. The spark that lit this bout of ugly violence, which exploded while Lord Scarman was still conducting his inquiry to try to identify the causes of the riots in Brixton in April, was a rock music concert given by a group known as the 4 Skins in the Hambrough Tavern in Southall, a suburban area in West London housing a substantial number of Asians. Among those attending the concert were groups of aggressive white youths, many of them skinheads wearing racist badges, brought to the concert in hired buses. After the concert some Asian shops were attacked, and the number of policemen on hand could not contain the situation as Asians and other local inhabitants took to the streets to defend themselves and their property. Apparently suspected of defending the intruders, the police became the target of the mob and more than 100 policemen were hurt.

On the weekend following the Southall riot mobs of black and white youngsters rampaged through the streets of Toxteth, a slum area of Liverpool better known to locals as Liverpool 8. They attacked the police with petrol bombs, bricks, hammers, axes, steel scaffolding, iron railings and any other weapons they could find, barricaded the streets with burnt-out cars and other vehicles, and forced the police, who had only riot shields and truncheons with which to defend themselves, to give ground. As they did so the rioters set fire to buildings, and looters, some of them women and children equipped with shopping bags, moved in to steal from the wrecked shops. Eventually the police resorted to CS gas to quell the rioters, the first time this riot-control weapon has been used in Britain. More than 200 policemen were injured, and several million pounds' worth of property destroyed. In Manchester during that week more than 1,000 black and white youths stormed a police station, some of them chanting "kill, kill, kill", and in many other inner areas of Britain's major cities, particularly in parts of London, the police found themselves the principal targets of rioters for several nights until the violence subsided, at least temporarily, in mid July.

The natural, and correct, first response to situations of this kind is to ensure that the violence is stopped. This was the Prime Minister's main concern when she spoke in a previously arranged party political broadcast on television while the riots were still going on. "We all know that violence will destroy everything we value," Mrs Thatcher said. "Government and Parlia-

ment can make the law. Police and courts can uphold the law. But a free society will only survive if we, its citizens, obey the law and teach our children to do so. That is why the violence must be stopped. The law must be upheld. People must be protected. Then we can put these terrible events behind us, repair the damage and begin to rebuild confidence."

The Government's first concern, therefore, was to support the police, and the Home Secretary, William Whitelaw, has made clear that they will be provided with all the necessary equipment to carry out their task. This could include better protective equipment, water cannon, CS gas and plastic bullets, though the last two would be used only as a means of last resort, where other conventional weapons had been tried and had failed and where, in the judgment of chief officers, "such action was necessary to prevent serious risk to life or widespread destruction of property". Mr Whitelaw also referred, in a speech to the House of Commons, to consideration of the reintroduction of the Riot Act, under which people ordered to disperse were made guilty of a felony if they did not do so, but said that the Government was not prepared to rush into this. He also laid proper emphasis on the need for the police to pursue their policy of developing closer and increasingly sensitive relations with local communities, including the more widespread reintroduction of constables on the beat and better information for chief officers of how local authorities planned their spending programmes.

More important than the initial urge to restore law and order will be the correct identification of the causes of the violence, and the determination to put right what has gone wrong. It was not difficult, in the immediate aftermath of riots which though sudden were not wholly unexpected, to produce a list of causes. Unemployment was one, particularly in Liverpool; race was another, particularly in Southall; lack of adequate housing was a third; general urban decay will have been a fourth; inadequacy of education may have been a fifth; greed seems to have played a part, as do boredom and general disaffection with society and the established way of life, of which the police are a symbol. There are no doubt other contributory causes, some or all of which may have been present in some or all the cities in which violence took place. Lord Scarman's inquiry into the Brixton riots will help to identify causes in that area, as will Michael Heseltine's mission to Liverpool for that city. As Secretary of State for the Environment Mr Heseltine has responsibility for policies that vitally affect Merseyside, but his brief from the Prime Minister in this case was to examine not only matters which are directly his ministerial responsibility but all aspects of government policies, into the way in which they interact with local authorities

and into the ways in which other ideas and resources could be brought to bear on the particular problems of Merseyside.

Identifying the problems will inevitably be easier than resolving them. It has been obvious for years that there are no easy solutions, and certainly no political panaceas, as both the main political parties have effectively proved in lengthy periods of office over a good many years. Money (or more precisely the more effective and less extravagant deployment of available financial resources) to relieve hardship, develop productivity and increase employment will certainly be required, as will goodwill (which must include recognition that there can be no second-class citizens in a free society and the assumption that immigrants who have legally settled here will wish to become part of the national community), and broad agreement on basic objectives and on the way we want to live (which still certainly exists but which in present circumstances may require political leadership of a high order to identify and symbolize). If this summer's violence heralds a new critical period for Britain it may be of comfort to recall that it was in the sharing of times of crisis in the past that the national character was forged.

Briefing in The Illustrated London News

We regret that it has become necessary, with effect from this issue, to increase the price of *The Illustrated London News* to 95p. At the same time we are pleased to announce that we shall be introducing next month a new regular feature that will provide a valuable service to our readers.

The new feature takes the form of a greatly expanded version of the guide to forthcoming events which we introduced some years ago. The new guide, which will be called Briefing, and which will be bound in the front and back of each issue, will comprise a calendar of the month's forthcoming events as well as detailed highlights, reviews and listings in a wide range of subjects including theatre, cinema, music, opera, ballet, art and other exhibitions, lectures, museums and galleries, auction sales, sport, television and radio, restaurants, food and wine, shopping, royal and other events in London and a selection of events planned for other parts of the country.

In sum we believe this new Briefing will provide Londoners and visitors to London with an indispensable guide to life and leisure in and around the capital city. To be sure of obtaining a copy of the September issue and a regular supply thereafter please use one of the forms included in this issue either to order copies from your newsagent or to take out a subscription direct from our publishing office.

Monday, June 15

President Bani-Sadr of Iran refused a demand by Ayatollah Khomeini that he should apologize on radio and television for not acting "according to the votes of the people who elected him".

The price of Britain's North Sea oil was cut by just over 10 per cent.

Philip Toynbee, the novelist, critic and journalist, died aged 64.

Tuesday, June 16

The Government announced it would increase its subsidies to the National Coal Board in 1981 by £300 million.

Wednesday, June 17

The British Cabinet agreed in principle to support British Rail's programme for the electrification of the mainline network, but made it plain on June 22 that the support was conditional on improvements in productivity.

Thursday, June 18

The Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland, in a published statement, condemned hunger strikes and those who directed them in the light of their Church's teaching on suicide.

A boarding party from the Royal Navy frigate *Antelope* seized 30 tons of marijuana from a small Panamanian cargo ship, the *Bittern*, in Caribbean waters. The estimated street value of the drug was £31.5 million.

Friday, June 19

Price inflation in Britain fell to an annual rate of 11.7 per cent, the lowest since June, 1979.



The third version of the European space rocket Ariane was launched from the National Centre for Space Research at Kourou in French Guiana.

The Rank Organisation announced it would close 29 Odeon and Gaumont cinemas, 13 of them in London, because of the decline in audiences.

Saturday, June 20

The Pope returned to the Gemelli hospital in Rome suffering from a lung infection which had slowed his recovery from bullet wounds received on May 13.

Sunday, June 21

Iran's Revolutionary Prosecutor-General ordered the arrest of President Bani-Sadr following his impeachment. The President was in hiding. The next day he was formally dismissed from office.

President Mitterrand's Socialist Party won an overall majority in the French parliamentary elections.

A black youth was stabbed to death after riots in Peckham, south London, during which shop windows were smashed and shops looted after a fair on Peckham Rye common.

One man died and 300 passengers were trapped for an hour when fire broke out in a tunnel between Goodge Street and Warren Street stations on the London Underground.

At Trent Bridge Australia won the first Test match against England by four wickets.

Chay Blyth and Rob James won the *Observer*/Europe 1 transatlantic yacht race in *Brittany Ferries GB* in 14 days 13 hours 54 minutes, clipping three days off the previous record.

Monday, June 22

The Government had a majority of 111 on the second reading of the Representation of the People Bill, designed to prevent a person imprisoned for terrorist offences from being elected as an MP.

Tuesday, June 23

Unemployment in the United Kingdom rose in the month to mid June by 122,572 to 2,680,977 or 11.1 per cent of the workforce.

President Mitterrand of France included four Communists in his government, giving them the portfolios of health, the Civil Service, professional training and transport.

Wednesday, June 24

The President of the EEC, Gaston Thorn, proposed a scheme in Luxembourg under which other member states would compensate Britain for many years ahead for the losses incurred in financing the Common Agricultural Policy.

The first traffic moved across the new Humber Bridge at its informal opening.

Six Britons died after two explosions on the Greek ore-carrier *Agios Ioannis*, in harbour at Rotterdam Europort for repairs.

Thursday, June 25

The closure of Chatham Docks, manpower cuts of up to 19,000 in the Services and the disposal of 10 warships, including one of the latest class of aircraft carriers, were among economies announced by Britain's Defence Secretary, John Nott.

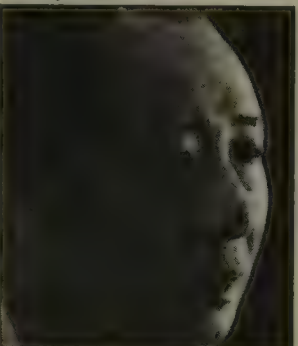
The Government announced that seven of the BBC's 40 language services and the transcription services would be cut.

Friday, June 26

The Government directed British Gas to sell its 50 per cent share in the Wytch Farm oil field in Dorset.

Sunday, June 28

The Tehran headquarters of Iran's Islamic Republican Party were destroyed by a bomb. 74 people, including Ayatollah Muhammad Beheshti, the party leader, and at least 23 other leading politicians were killed.

Monday, June 29

Hu Yaobang became Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party; the former Chairman, Hua Guofeng, was demoted to the status of a vice-chairman.

The executive committee of the Labour Party announced it would invite

representatives of the Communist Parties of the Soviet Union and China to its annual conference in September.

Tuesday, June 30

Dr Garret FitzGerald became Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, heading a coalition government with the balance of power held by a few backbenchers.



In the Israeli general election for the 120-member Parliament the Labour Party, led by Shimon Peres, won 47 seats and the Likud Party, led by Prime Minister Menachem Begin, 48. Begin was able to secure the continuation of his coalition government by agreement with the National Religious Party.

Wednesday, July 1

British Leyland's chairman, Sir Michael Edwardes, proposed that nearly 200 shop stewards working full-time on union business while being paid by the company should go back to their trades; they would have to ask permission to take time off for union business and to call mass meetings. The plan was to be opposed by the unions.

Thursday, July 2

The *Trafalgar*, 4,500 tons, the first in a new class of six Fleet nuclear-powered submarines, was launched at Barrow-in-Furness.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, announced an increase of 3p on a packet of 20 cigarettes with comparable increases in other tobacco products, an increase in off-course betting duty from 7½ to 8 per cent, and on bingo from 7½ to 10 per cent. These increases were to offset the £85 million loss of revenue resulting from the 10p a gallon reduction on the price of diesel fuel.

The Government announced cuts in grants to universities averaging 17 per cent, which would result in a loss of 20,000 university places over the next four years.

The Civil Service unions claimed that their 16-week selective strike had already cost £6,645 million in revenue unpaid, had disrupted the Royal Ordnance factory and dockyard production, slowed the issuing of passports, severely disrupted the Scottish legal system and cost British Airways £40 million in cancelled flights. Selective action was to continue.

British Leyland announced it was selling Alvis, the profitable Coventry-based maker of the Scorpion light tank, to United Scientific Holdings for £27 million.

A tropical storm caused floods and landslides in the central Philippines, killing 145 people. 15 towns in Albay province were affected.

Friday, July 3

80 people were injured, including 40 police, in a riot between a group of about 300 skinheads, who had gone to the Hambrough Tavern, Southall, west London, for a disco, and several hundred members of the Asian community there. Shops and houses were damaged and many fires started; the Hambrough Tavern was burnt out. There were further disturbances the following night.

The Reverend Ian Paisley was shot at by a member of the National Liberation Army in Belfast; he escaped injury.

The Russian Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko, arrived in Warsaw. The Polish Prime Minister, General Wojciech Jaruzelski, announced a major government reshuffle, with eight ministers being dropped and five new ones appointed.

Saturday, July 4

Rioting broke out in the Toxteth district of Liverpool and continued during the nights of July 5 and 6. Police were attacked with petrol bombs and other missiles. Both black and white youths were involved in the rioting during which property was damaged, looting took place and 186 policemen were injured. For the first time in England CS gas had been used against the rioters.

At Wimbledon, John McEnroe beat Bjorn Borg 4-6, 7-6, 6-4 to take the men's singles title; Chris Lloyd beat Hana Mandlikova 6-2, 6-2, to become women's singles champion for the third time; Peter Fleming and John McEnroe beat Bob Lutz and Stan Smith 6-4, 6-4, 6-4 to take the men's doubles title; Martina Navratilova and Pam Shriver beat Kathy Jordan and Anne Smith 6-3, 6-3, in the women's doubles, and in the mixed Frew McMillan and Betty Stove beat John and Tracy Austin 4-6, 7-6, 6-3.

Sunday, July 5

The *Observer* Sunday newspaper lost 850,000 copies because of a dispute over differentials involving print room workers. The paper was shortly to be taken over by the Lonrho group: the editor, Donald Treford, stated that he could continue in his office only if he were given assurances of editorial independence, which, he claimed, were insufficiently guarded by the undertakings required by the Monopolies Commission. On July 9 agreement was reached between Lonrho, Department of Trade officials and *Observer* journalists and its editor on conditions to be attached to the take-over. They include the election of four independent directors—two nominated by the journalists, two by Lonrho—who were later to select a fifth.

Monday, July 6

After five hours of talks in Moscow between Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington and the Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, proposals for a two-stage conference on Afghanistan were rejected in their present form by the Russians.

Iran's revolutionary authorities executed 27 supporters of left-wing groups.

Tuesday, July 7

Further street violence, with destruction of property and looting, broke out in Wood Green, north London; in the early hours of July 8 and the nights of July 9 and 10, in Moss Side, Manchester and in several suburbs of London—Woolwich, Lewisham, Deptford, Stoke Newington, Balham, Dalston and Fulham—on the night of July 10.

The solar-powered flying machine *Solar Challenger* designed by Stephen



Patek of Colorado successfully flew across the English Channel, completing the 180 mile journey from near Paris to Manston in 5½ hours at a cruising speed of 37 mph.

The Greater London Council, by a vote of 34 to 32, decided to continue payment of a promised £1 million development grant to the Royal Opera House.

The Bishop of Warmia, Monsignor Jozef Glemp, was appointed Archbishop of Gniezno and Warsaw, Primate of Poland.

England and Australia drew the second Test match at Lord's.

Wednesday, July 8

Lord Carrington, addressing the European Parliament in Strasbourg at the start of Britain's six months' EEC presidency, identified reform of the budget and expenditure as the main task for the EEC. Enlargement of the Community and the "search for a collective identity" were the other aims advocated.

A fifth hunger striker, Joseph McDonnell, 30, died in the Maze Prison having refused food for 61 days. In riots which followed a youth was shot dead by troops.

A one-hour strike by Polish dockers was followed by a four-hour strike by workers of the Polish national airline, LOT—the first strikes in Poland for three months.

Friday, July 10

Rioting and looting, with confrontation between gangs of youths and the police, continued in London at Brixton, Battersea, Dalston and Southall and in Slough, Reading, Liverpool, Hull, Preston and Ellesmere Port. The Home Secretary, William Whitelaw, announced a month-long ban on public processions in London. The disturbances continued throughout the weekend of July 11-12 with Leicester and Huddersfield suffering in particular.

The Army arrested and disarmed three uniformed and masked Provisional IRA men who had fired a volley of shots over the coffin of hunger striker Joseph McDonnell in west Belfast. Street fighting broke out.

The Canadian Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau, had talks in Washington with President Reagan as Congress made charges of anti-American discrimination in Canada's investment and energy policies.

About 300 workers were killed when a silk mill collapsed in Gujarat state, western India. 104 injured people were rescued.

Saturday, July 11

Sebastian Coe beat his own world record by 1.22 seconds in Oslo when he ran 1,000 metres in 2 minutes 12.18 seconds.

The British Printing Corporation announced the closure of its Park Royal works, with the loss of 682 jobs.

Monday, July 13

Workers in Britain's gas industry held a 24-hour strike in protest at the Government's decision to close High Street showrooms, claiming the closures could cost 40,000 jobs.

A sixth hunger striker, Martin Hurson, died in the Maze prison, having refused food for 45 days.



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PRESS ASSOCIATION

Trouble in the streets: The beginning of July saw outbreaks of violence in many of Britain's cities, with police confronting bands of youths, both black and white, armed with weapons and petrol bombs. In many cases rioting was accompanied by robbery, as shop windows were broken and their contents stolen. Top and right, in the Toxteth district of Liverpool CS gas was used for the first time in this country against rioting gangs of youths. Above, the remains of the Hambrough Tavern in Southall, where the spate of riots began. The tavern was burnt out in skirmishes between skinheads, Asian youths and the police.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



Spanning the Humber: The world's longest single-span bridge across the river Humber is now formally open. Work on its construction began in 1973; it has cost £88 million, £60 million more than had originally been estimated, and taken eight years to build instead of four. The bridge is 7,284 feet long overall and links Hessle on the north bank of the estuary with Barton on the south. It is expected to carry up to 16,000 vehicles a day at a charge of £1 for a car and £7.50 for a heavy goods vehicle. So long is the single central span of the bridge—4,626 feet—that the distance between the twin towers is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches more at the top than the bottom due to the curvature of the Earth.



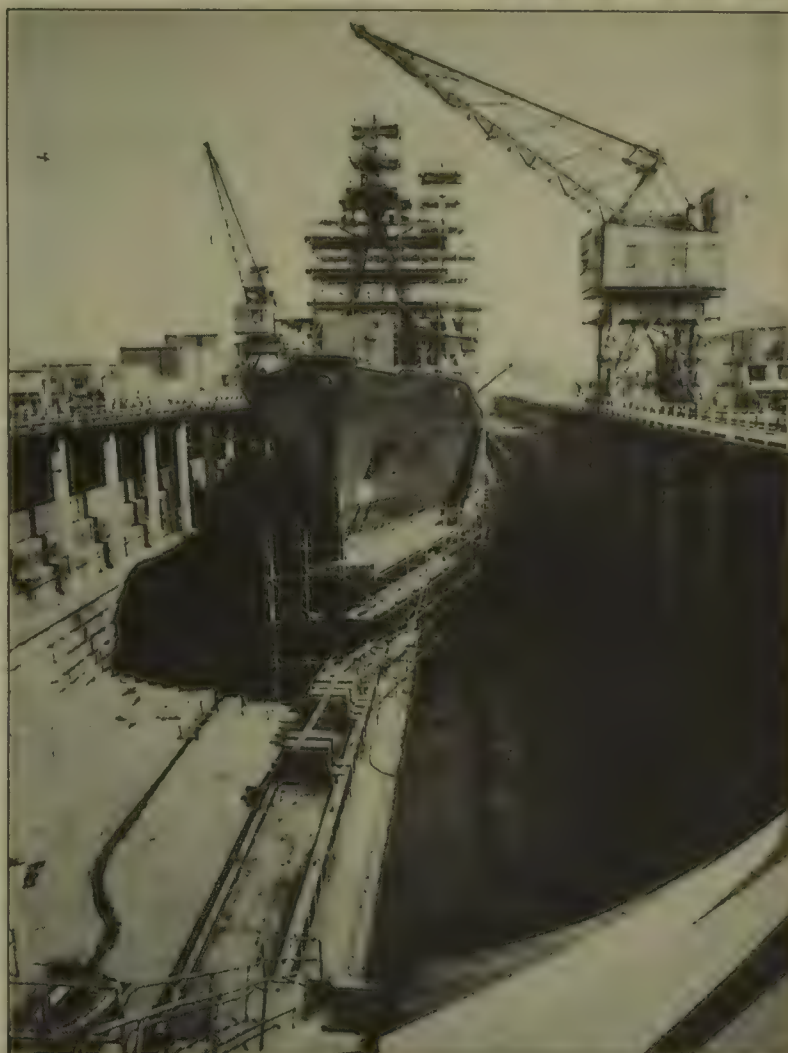
Chatham closure: The proposed closure of Chatham Dockyard and naval base by 1984 was announced by the Defence Secretary, John Nott, at the end of June. Chatham Dockyard, which refits nuclear-powered submarines and some frigates, employs 6,900 people directly and many more in civil support industries. It is estimated that in all it gives work to some 30,000 people. The present dockyard covers 504 acres and has 3 miles of river front. In its lifetime it has built some 460 ships for the Royal Navy, including 57 submarines, though no warships have been built there since 1966. Nelson's *Victory* was built and launched there. The yard is currently refitting the nuclear submarines

Churchill and Warspite.

The closure will bring to an end over 300 years of naval history. The royal dockyard was founded by Henry VIII in 1547 and later improved by Charles I. It lies partly on reclaimed land at a point where the Medway broadens into a tidal estuary of the North Sea. The yard had a major enlargement between 1864 and 1885, when expansion in an easterly direction provided three new large basins and four new dry docks, together with additional workshops. Before the end of the century yet another dry dock was constructed. These various expansions involved the reclamation of large areas of marshland and the engulfing of St Mary's Island.



An engraving from the *ILN* of September 10, 1868, showing works in progress at Chatham. When completed they made the dockyard five times larger than before.



Top right, the Royal Navy's ice patrol ship *Endurance*, at Chatham for a refit before her return to the Falkland Islands. Above, frigates "on reserve" at the dockyard.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



LEO MASON



LEO MASON



LEO MASON

Wimbledon winner: Chris Evert Lloyd, in her tenth Wimbledon appearance, celebrates her third ladies' singles title, having defeated Hana Mandlikova of Czechoslovakia in the final. It was Mrs Lloyd's seventh Wimbledon final.

Controversial champion: John McEnroe of the United States won both the Wimbledon men's singles, from five-times winner Bjorn Borg, and doubles, with Peter Fleming, but was heavily fined after a stormy fortnight of disputes with officials.



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Happy winner: David Graham with the trophy he won together with the US Open golf title.

Memorable Test match: Ian Botham and Geoffrey Boycott both have reason to remember the drawn second Test with Australia. Botham resigned the England captaincy afterwards and Boycott scored 60 in his 100th Test.

Mr Heath's "consensus"

by Sir Angus Maude

Edward Heath, happily recovered from his indisposition, has decided to launch a series of attacks on Mrs Thatcher's Government. He says he finds the Government's policies "incomprehensible", which seems strange for an economist of his calibre. But stranger still is his demand for a return to what he calls "consensus politics". This seems an uncharacteristic ideal for the man who, as Prime Minister, managed to unite against him not only the Labour Party but the entire trade union movement and a substantial proportion of employers. Nor was the Industrial Relations Act his only departure from "consensus". There was precious little national consensus about our entry into the European Community. Had a referendum been held before instead of after entry, there is little doubt that there would have been a majority of Noes.

In both these cases—and over the problem of immigration, too—Mr Heath overrode the national consensus because he was convinced that he was right and that his policies were best for the country, however many people disagreed with him. This is exactly what Mrs Thatcher believes now of her policies; yet Mr Heath chides her for following his example.

It was also a little odd to hear Mr Heath suggesting that there might be official attempts to repress his freedom of speech. I cannot remember a time when both a Tory Prime Minister and Conservative Central Office allowed so much freedom for the expression of dissent within the party as exists under the present régime.

To return, however, to the subject of "consensus", Mr Heath is not the only current exponent of this ideal. Harold MacMillan, the old believer in the "Middle Way", has been at it, too, as has his devoted admirer Sir Harold Wilson. So has James Callaghan—rather surprisingly, since from about 1978 onwards he was quite unable to secure a consensus even inside his own party. Roy Jenkins and the SDP are also keen believers in "consensus politics", though exactly where their consensus lies has not yet become clear.

Now obviously all these people would find it hard to agree together, in any detail, about what economic policies ought to be followed at present. The one thing that unites them is a conviction that what the Government is doing is wrong. They attribute the high level of unemployment to "doctrinaire monetarism" and public spending "cuts", an argument which seems to me difficult to sustain in view of the fact that public expenditure goes on increasing and the money supply is only just beginning to come under any kind of effective control.

What seems to unite all these former

Prime Ministers is that they all preferred inflation to unemployment. Faced with rising unemployment they proceeded to reflate the demand side of the economy. As a result, price inflation became a recurrent phenomenon, British industry became less and less competitive and less able to resist the import penetration, and each recession ended with more unemployment than the last.

Yet despite these experiences they are all convinced that demand reflation, more public spending and borrowing are essential at the present time. Their "consensus" lies in a desire to start the whole wretched cycle all over again. It means temporarily mitigating each temporary discomfort without attempting to cure the underlying evils. Deflate when inflation looks like getting out of hand, but immediately reflate when the level of unemployment makes the Government unpopular.

Mrs Thatcher's startling refusal to pursue the conventional course of palliating symptoms, and her willingness to face the political unpopularity provoked by a high and rising level of unemployment, amount to such a violent break with precedent as to convince her predecessors that she must be mad.

Yet it has long been obvious that the policies pursued for the last 15 or 20 years have made each bout of inflation more serious than the last and the level of unemployment higher at each recession. Nothing but a fixed determination to get rid of the underlying causes of inflation and to force British industry to shed surplus manpower and become genuinely competitive could possibly break the cycle and make economic expansion, or even stability, possible. It is the only way to lay the foundation for the creation of lasting new jobs.

But it is all so new, so different, above all so politically dangerous, that it has left the old practitioners in a terrible state. They dare not even think that it might work, and put Mrs Thatcher in a position to win the next election, for this would show them to have been even more wrong than has hitherto appeared.

Hence all the moral indignation, the willingness to seize any stick that may serve to beat the Government. Hence the attempts to show that unemployment is the main cause of riots which in fact seem to have no common theme.

Yet I think that Mrs Thatcher's nerve will hold, and that she will prove to have been right. The Government is still far from final success, and it will have to make some genuine cuts in the total of public spending and borrowing if inflation is finally to be conquered. Nevertheless, I believe there is more underlying support in the country for Mrs Thatcher than may superficially appear. In the end she may achieve more "consensus" than Mr Heath ever did.

Sir Angus Maude is Conservative MP for Stratford-on-Avon.

Wanted: a foreign policy

by Patrick Brogan

It took the Washington press corps six months to decide that President Reagan knows nothing about foreign affairs. They came to that conclusion after he gave a disastrous press conference in mid June, and the papers were suddenly filled with heavy pieces asserting that it was high time that the new President learnt something about the vast external realm. To take one example of many, James Reston of the *New York Times* wrote: "There are times in this city when you can feel the temperature rising and cannot avoid hearing the thunder over the Potomac, and this is one of them. The Administration's misconduct of foreign policy is clearly blowing up a storm." For some months Reston and his brethren strenuously avoided listening to the thunder. Now that they have noticed it they are all drawing each other's attention to it vociferously.

Under the American system of government it is a serious matter if the President is ignorant about, or indifferent to, major aspects of national policy. Foreign affairs are clearly the most important because, in the most extreme case, getting it wrong can get us all blown up. President Reagan may have got economic policy all wrong, and may precipitate a depression, but at least he has studied the question, knows what he wants, and is well on the way to getting it.

That is part of the trouble where foreign affairs are concerned: Reagan has devoted himself to domestic, economic issues ever since he entered the White House, with considerable success, and has left himself no time to study anything else. The result is that subordinates are left to make foreign policy, and each of them can make a different policy. Alexander Haig, the Secretary of State, saw this problem at the very beginning and sought a ruling from the new President that he, as Secretary of State, should direct every aspect of foreign policy. It made sense. It was indeed roughly the position Henry Kissinger enjoyed for the first 16 months of President Ford's Administration. But the White House is a court, and presidents do not like their courtiers arrogating too much power to themselves. Besides, other courtiers do their bit to cut their rivals down to size. Better no foreign policy than one directed by someone other than the President and Haig was reined in so severely that he almost resigned on the spot.

So America currently has no consistent foreign policy at all. When Eugene Rostow, who has been put in charge of arms control negotiations, was being confirmed by the Senate, he said, "It may be that a brilliant light will strike our officials. But I don't know anyone who knows what it is yet that we want to negotiate about."

So much for Salt III. Mr Haig has decided that the United States can sell arms to China, though it is not at all clear whether this is meant as a provocation to the Soviet Union or a business affair.

Mr Reagan understands Israel's nervousness about Iraq's nuclear programme, but the United States has condemned Israel for attacking the plant at Osirak. Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of Defence, has been following his own policy in Europe, selling advanced aircraft to Venezuela and thus starting an arms race in South America, while Pakistan is being given \$3,000 million in aid to keep out the Russians, irrespective of the effect on India.

Meanwhile, the President keeps on with the business of getting his budget cuts through Congress. Unfortunately the rest of the world will not wait around until that is accomplished. The Syrian missile crisis continues, Mr Begin bombs a nuclear reactor in Baghdad, and the Russians nerve themselves to do something about Poland. Does it matter that the United States has no policy to deal with any of these matters, beyond sending emissaries to talk to people in the Middle East, Europe or the Far East?

Even to put the question is absurd. Of course it matters. The United States no longer dominates the world as it did 30 years ago, but its incoherence on arms control, for instance, means that the anti-American left in Europe, notably in West Germany, will gain ground and perhaps defeat the government. American indifference to the Middle East means that people will continue to be killed there and that there will be no further progress towards an overall settlement between Israel and her neighbours. Abandoning President Carter's insistence that the United States should not do business with governments that torture their subjects gives every fascist government in South America a free hand on human rights.

Above all, the lack of a coherent policy towards the Soviet Union means that there is a dangerous ambiguity at the heart of the most important issue faced by this government, like all other US governments since 1945: can we live at peace with the USSR? Mr Reagan denounces the Russians, yet sells them grain; he says that communism is a bizarre and transient phenomenon, yet increases the defence budget by prodigious sums. He promises the Europeans that there will be substantive arms control talks with the Russians (that was the condition the Europeans set for accepting American missiles in Europe), but then it turns out that no one in the Administration has any policy on arms control. Mr Rostow does not expect to have a position for at least another year.

Now that everyone has noticed the present deficiencies in foreign affairs it may be that a policy will at last evolve.

The example of the Mary Rose

by Sir Arthur Bryant

The loss in 1545 of the *Mary Rose*, vice-flagship and the most up-to-date fighting vessel of Henry VIII's new Royal Navy, was, until the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* off the Malayan coast in the last war, almost the most spectacular disaster in our naval annals—now, if we are to credit what we are being told in the Press, about to be brought to a gradual and humiliating end. Personally I cannot believe that any English statesman, however wedded to monetarist theory, can so disregard the lessons of our history and geography as to suppose it a practicable economy for an over-populated island, dependent on sea-borne supplies for half its food and raw materials, to divest itself of the surface warships needed to protect the merchant ships bringing those essential supplies against a non-nuclear attack by a hostile naval power, in the belief that others in such an event, in order to save us from starvation and an abject surrender caused by our own folly and improvidence, would be prepared to resort to nuclear war, thereby destroying themselves, ourselves and the rest of mankind.

The disaster to the *Mary Rose* happened under the very eyes of her creator, "bluff King Hal", who, mounted in the midst of his troops on the strand near Southsea Castle, was watching while his Navy was waiting to repel an invasion by a French fleet of 235 vessels which had already put ashore landing parties in the Isle of Wight. With 700 armed men aboard and nearly twice her usual complement of soldiers and seamen, and with 91 breech-loading and muzzle-loading guns, the great ship in all her rebuilt pride and beauty, just as she was hoisting sail suddenly heeled over and capsized, carrying her Admiral and all but a handful of her crew to the bottom, their shouts being borne across the water to the ears of their horrified sovereign and countrymen on the Hampshire shore. There is an 18th-century engraving of the scene taken from a contemporary wall-painting formerly at Cowdray House, almost the earliest first-hand representation of an amphibious operation in which our countrymen were engaged.

Though, despite the disaster to the *Mary Rose*, the French invasion was repelled, there was something sick in the state of Henry VIII's England, for all the majesty and beauty of the great ships he had built for the defence of his realm. A few minutes before the disaster, when the doomed ship was seen to be heeling as her crew started to work at the sails, an uncle of Sir George Carew, the Vice-Admiral aboard her, hailed her from a passing vessel, asking what was wrong, and received the disquieting reply, "I have the sort of knaves I cannot rule."

For at that time England, like Britain today, was passing through a social and economic revolution whose symptoms were rising inflation and an unscrupulous debasement of the currency, with all its attendant injustice to individuals, widespread popular unrest, vagrancy and pauperism no longer relieved by the religious and monastic charity of an overthrown past.

The rot—"Christ lying naked in the streets of his diocese", as Bishop Ridley of London put it in the reign of the old King's boy son—affected the men who manned her ships as well as those who tilled her fields and toiled in her workshops. And though, following in the footsteps of his father, Henry VIII had given England the nucleus of her first standing Royal Navy, and armed it with the most powerful array of guns for battle in northern seas, he had not given it something even more important than fire-power: the discipline, comradeship and, above all, spirit of emulation and willing subordination which alone can make a great Navy. It was left to the old tyrant's younger daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, in the second half of the 16th century to restore unity and a sense of common purpose to England. And for a little group of seafaring subjects of genius, notably Francis Drake and John Hawkins, to create a fighting sea-service manned by men with a common devotion to their hard trade and duty, and with steadfast loyalty and obedience to their captains.

In later centuries enduring permanence was given to the fighting spirit and proud subordination of the Royal Navy by a succession of great naval administrators and admirals, Pepys and Barham, Blake, Anson, Jervis and Nelson, which endowed it with a power far transcending even the mightiest

armaments. Flying during the last war over our naval base in the Orkneys, I remarked to the young Lieutenant-Commander escorting me how strange it was to think that on those few great ships lying in the Flow beneath us the fate of the world depended. "No," he corrected me with a deep, historic wisdom, "not on the ships, on the men!"

Of all this I was reminded the other day when I was taken with a party to see the diving operations which, under the direction of a great and inspired archaeologist, Dr Margaret Rule, are being carried out to retrieve the *Mary Rose* from the sea, by a dedicated company of experts and enthusiasts. Our approach to the site of the wreck and the base vessel moored above it was through a famous Royal Naval Shore Establishment, HMS *Vernon*. Her Captain personally attended our embarkation in the motor-launch which was to carry us out to the scene of the diving. Nothing could have exceeded the courtesy and gallant bearing with which this distinguished representative of Her Majesty's Navy welcomed us and greeted us again on our return. It symbolized—and I found it deeply moving—the responsibility felt by the Royal Navy, even after the lapse of 436 years, for one of its ships which had been lying for all that great period of time beneath the waters it was built to guard, and which its successors still guard today.

Equally moving was the enthusiasm of the great team of workers and helpers, some of them with world-wide experience of diving operations, others experienced in the conservation and restoration of the many artifacts salvaged from beneath the sediments of silt and clay where they have been buried and preserved from decay for more than four centuries. The majority of

those who have been engaged in this great work are volunteers, of all ages and both sexes, who ungrudgingly give their time and love to this noble mission of reclamation and commemoration. Much of the work has been done and is being done ashore, under the charge and guidance of Richard Harrison, the executive director of the *Mary Rose* project, whose president is the Prince of Wales.

That project is now in the course of what it is hoped will be its penultimate year. Already massive work is being done on the sea bed from which it is hoped next year, if the necessary additional finance has by then been subscribed, to raise the *Mary Rose* and transport her to the hall being built to receive her and to her permanent home in the Tudor Ship Museum which is to house both the hull and its contents in Portsmouth, not far from that other historic ship, Nelson's *Victory*.

Of the countless artifacts rescued from the sea and now being lovingly restored and preserved, the overwhelming impression is of the superb quality of craftsmanship shown by a little nation of no more than three million people who were our ancestors. For the disaster to the *Mary Rose*, thanks to the enthusiasm and devoted labour of a whole community of archaeologists, divers, finds-assistants, draughtsmen, scientists, conservators, photographers and administrators, is about to create an English Pompeii, housed in England's greatest naval port, to bear witness to the skills, both maritime and domestic, of a small country which, under King Henry VIII's daughter, Elizabeth, by its faith and courage was to lay the foundations, not only of the British oceanic empire of the future, but of the United States of America as well.

100 years ago



A review of the Scottish Volunteer Corps by Queen Victoria, which was held at Queen's Park, Edinburgh on August 25, 1881, was reported in the *ILN* of September 3. The military parade of 40,000 volunteers was marred by heavy rainfall.

France's new President

by Christopher Laidlaw

François Mitterrand is the most powerfully placed politician in Europe, perhaps in the entire western world. Fortunately he seems to have both the experience, the skill and the wisdom to make the most of it.

Now that the Socialist Party has swept to a stunning victory in the general election and President Mitterrand is alone under the white lights of public expectation, a clearer view of this enigmatic, secretive man is slowly beginning to emerge. Perhaps the most revealing personal insight provided by Mitterrand since his election was his confession to James Reston of the *New York Times* that "I have chosen a political career which runs counter to a powerful streak in my personality". That streak is the solitary instinct, the need to withdraw and to be alone. This he has succeeded in doing, at the risk of perpetuating his obscure image, throughout his long years of waiting for the Gaullist scales finally to fall away from the eyes of French voters and for them to opt for change.

The big question is, have they voted for Mitterrand, for socialism, or just for change itself? The evidence is confusing. Since the First Republic the French electorate, whenever it has been given a democratic choice, has scarcely shown any great hunger for change. The political system might have appeared volatile but the voter rarely has been. The French have in fact been highly suspicious of change which, for them, has usually promised upheaval and war. Yet here they are, on the face of it at least, opting unreservedly for socialism after 23 years of capitalism and blatant inequality. And at a time when all other western countries are perceptibly moving to the right the French seem to be uprooting themselves and shifting towards the left.

Twice since the war the French public has threatened to lurch totally leftward: in 1945, on liberation, and in 1968 when workers and students, pulling together, brought de Gaulle's Fifth Republic to a standstill. Yet in neither case did the left prevail. In 1968 the strikes were over by the time of the election and de Gaulle rode to easy victory on the wave of a sharp reaction to chaos. Had the workers maintained the strike during the election period as did the British miners in February, 1974, then the electoral verdict might have been different. And Mitterrand was the victim. But 1968 marked a watershed for him and for socialism. After wavering when contemplating the scandalous cheek of trying to rock the giant pillars of Gaullism, Mitterrand finally and, it seemed, fatally declared himself against the Fifth Republic.

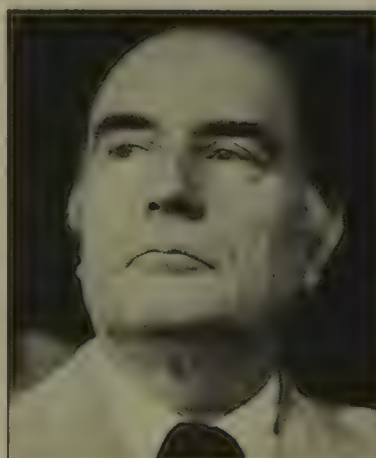
Although the result for him was a decade of eclipse (he did not even stand

in the 1969 election), it was far more important for French politics. In 1971 he formed the Socialist Party which, in turn, spawned a new Euro-socialism, a fact which then received much less publicity than the noisy beginnings of Euro-communism. In espousing a strongly leftist programme, stressing nationalization, full employment and heavy taxes on multinationals and the old élitist families, but sufficiently laced with ambiguity to pull in voters from the middle classes, Mitterrand in effect cut much of the electoral appeal away from under the communists who had been firmly established as the leading force on the left. And elsewhere in Europe others such as Gonzales in Spain, Soares in Portugal, Craxi in Italy and Papandreou in Greece followed suit, forcing the communist parties of Europe to try to form a more cohesive Euro-communist counterpart—an effort which never succeeded.

In 1974 he contested a presidential election for the second time, having polled a creditable 44.8 per cent in the second round against de Gaulle in 1965. This time his adversary was Pompidou's polished Finance Minister, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. The socialists had by then constructed a common platform—albeit a rickety one—with the communists, using the ambiguity of the socialist manifesto to embrace the Marxist party of Georges Marchais on the one hand, and to reach out to the centrist elements of the electorate with soothing noises of moderation on the other. Mitterrand very nearly succeeded, losing the second round by only 2 per cent. Since then his Socialist Party has gradually assumed primacy on the left, keeping the communists at arm's length and gradually forcing them into subservience.

When Mitterrand announced that four communist ministers were to be included in his cabinet—the first for 33 years—there was little more than a murmur from the rest of Europe. It marked the final disembowelling of the French Communist Party's hardline commitment to Marxism. None of them holds key portfolios, even though two of the four are strongly Moscow-oriented. For them, talk of the dictatorship of the proletariat, benign support of Soviet intervention in Afghanistan and the ultimate triumph of Marxism must be temporarily shelved. Under the terms of the inter-party agreement they will be given no ideological latitude whatsoever.

Mitterrand comes from a large, happy, middle-class family. His father was a station-master and later president of the French Vinegar Makers' Federation. He was born in the Charente in 1916, went to school in Angoulême and then on to study law in Paris. He had only just received his law degree when he was called up by the Army and stationed in Verdun. He was wounded and captured in the German offensive of



FRANK SPOONER

1940 and on his escape returned to France. In 1942 he took an appointment in Vichy with the Pétain government's prisoner of war commission, using this as a cover for his subsequently much publicized role with the Resistance network. After the liberation of France he was already sufficiently well known for de Gaulle to give him a ministry and it was then that the young lawyer became seriously interested in politics.

He fell out of favour with the General and was sacked because of his increasingly left-wing ideas, which he expressed with remarkable lack of moderation in a daily newspaper. In 1946 he stood as a candidate for Nièvre, and convincingly won the safe, middle-class seat.

By 1954 de Gaulle's first honeymoon with France was over and the young deputy was recalled to the government. He was Minister of the Interior during the Algerian war and served faithfully, but increasingly controversially, in no fewer than 11 separate ministries. Mitterrand's political career in the 50s was dominated by the traumatic experiences of Indo-China and Algeria. It was here that he won a reputation as someone who was prepared to tailor policies and, it seemed, his principles as occasion demanded. His political opponents insist that in the chaotic cabinets of the Fourth Republic he was prepared to trim and shift his ground in response to the conflicting pressures of patriotism and liberalism. During this period there was little in his frenetic politicking which gave any hint of future statesmanship.

In 1959 his credibility was further damaged by the celebrated Observatory affair, memories of which still linger in French minds. Then a senator, Mitterrand was on his way home one night when his car was followed and machine-gunned. He escaped over the railing of the Paris Observatory garden, but the man arrested for the attack, a yoghurt salesman, insisted that Mitterrand had hired him to carry out the attack in order to boost his reputation. Though Mitterrand denounced the allegation as a right-wing smear and the case was dropped, the questions lingered on.

But both his opponents and his supporters would agree unreservedly that he has an astonishing ability to

persevere, to ride the punches and to be there fresh and ready as the bell goes for the next round. His long years in the political wilderness have taught him that pragmatism and high idealism are uncomfortable bedfellows. "My strategy is to have only tactics," he once said. He has obviously come a long way since then but the tactical instinct is still never far from the surface. Yet Mitterrand can now afford to take his time in exercising power. It is an irony that the Gaullist presidential system which Mitterrand opposed when it was introduced gives him almost unlimited flexibility. He has the opportunity to demonstrate his commitment to principle.

Like so many of the world's more profound political leaders, François Mitterrand is a loner, a man who knows how and when to withdraw, to ponder and to meditate. And he understands the importance of continuing to do so.

He is undoubtedly the most literary head of state in Europe. The author of 10 books, he is a writer of colourful, if rather stylized prose, and some poetry of no mean distinction.

His literary tastes are reflected in the packed bookshelves in both his country house where he retires for "spiritual rejuvenation" and his cramped apartment on the Left Bank in Paris. His own preferred reading is an odd mixture of Macchiavelli, Montesquieu and Plato. His relaxations are table tennis, barbecues in the country and walking his dog. Mitterrand's way of life is austere and controlled. It may not compare with Giscard's in style, but nor is it in any sense unbourgeois. This is a rather sensitive nerve. "Socialism is not pauperism," his wife Danielle once said, sharply rebuking a probing interviewer.

What, then, will this almost ideally prepared man, whose election symbolizes a new era, do to change France, arguably the most unequal society in Europe? Domestically he has already moved to institute those basic reforms he promised unequivocally before the election: an increase in the minimum wage and family allowances, the creation of a quarter of a million new jobs, the introduction of a new taxation system and a slowing of the nuclear programme (the latter not without hiccup in the translation from policy to action).

On the most contentious issue, nationalization, Mitterrand is more circumspect. Certainly there will be no wholesale take-overs as scarily predicted by Giscard or Jacques Chirac during the campaign. Mitterrand says instead, "I simply want to restore to national ownership that which belongs to the nation, nothing more." On the face of it the case for greater nationalization is compelling. Following intelligent reforms earlier in the 1970s, many publicly owned industries, unlike their counterparts elsewhere in Europe, actually make money in France. Mitterrand claims that the share of French

production nationalized by de Gaulle amounted to 12 per cent. He wants to increase this to 17 per cent, gathering in the remaining private banks and completing the process in the case of such industries as aircraft construction, where the civilian sector is nationally owned and the military privately.

It is a measure of Mitterrand's early credibility that the franc has not gone through the floorboards; nor has the French Bourse collapsed as the right predicted, though a certain amount of emergency action was necessary after the election: interest rates were raised to a monumental 22 per cent and a variety of conventional credit restricting measures was introduced.

For the first time since the 1973 oil crisis a major western country will have an avowedly Keynesian government pledged to the conquest of unemployment rather than circumscribed by the fear of inflation. His cabinet choices in the general economic sphere reflect a desire for prudence and restraint in gradually transforming the economy—and particularly the taxation system—from one of obscurity and deception to a more open and certainly more egalitarian structure. The challenge is enormous, given the resistive power of the élite business families in France whose private cupboards contain many skeletons. But the start made could not have augured better for success.

The most important questions for much of the rest of the world lie in the field of foreign affairs. French foreign policy, even in 1981, still bears the perverse colours of de Gaulle. It is unashamedly chauvinistic, sometimes irrational or callously opportunistic, but always distinctive and somehow never quite in step with the rest of the western world. The arrival of Mitterrand may see a burial of the ghost of the General—many would say not before time—and of the need that successive governments have felt to live up to de Gaulle's vision of a France which goes its own way, playing its own unique role on the world stage. At the very least Mitterrand will bring France more perceptibly into the western fold in the context of both Europe and Nato.

Mitterrand is clearly committed to the need for more than just rhetoric when it comes to international social justice but the nagging question remains: will he act according to conscience if key French interests are at stake? Unkind critics cast their minds back to Algeria and say no. But that is perhaps unfair. Mitterrand has occasionally revealed in private that his approach while a very young Minister for Overseas Territories was both narrow and doctrinaire. In his memoirs, *Ma Part de Vérité*, he calls this period the "major experience of my political life". He has clearly come a long way since then. He has cultivated close relations among leaders throughout Africa and the Paris daily, *Le Monde*, in reporting his election, spoke of "serenity" in Francophone Africa at the news.

Elsewhere Mitterrand is much more of an unknown quantity. His support of Israel has aroused anxiety among the Gulf Arab States although it occasions little surprise in Algeria or Libya. France will need to tread warily through the minefield of Middle Eastern politics, particularly while it must continue to import so great a proportion of its oil from North Africa and the Gulf.

An interesting evolution of French policy toward Southern Africa is already under way—a shift which may place France more obviously out of step with the rest of the western world and particularly the United States. As President Reagan moves to narrow the gap between the white régime in South Africa and the western powers, so Mitterrand seeks to emphasize his distance from Pretoria and underline his practical commitment to the eradication of apartheid.

Mitterrand has shown signs of his commitment to global causes in a variety of ways. But above all else stands the hope of a really major French contribution in the area of development, the narrowing of the gap between rich and poor nations. In his appointment of Claude Cheysson, the former EEC Commissioner for Development, François Mitterrand has brought to centre stage a powerful and persuasive figure. In spite of the fact that the interdependence of both the industrialized "north" and the developing "south" is immutable and that the north now needs the south as much as vice versa, the international community cannot seem to find a way to deal with the obvious, creeping crisis which threatens to overwhelm it—and with which other major issues like disarmament and détente are so inextricably intertwined. The process of negotiating a new global economic system is becalmed, awaiting fair winds, any winds at all, from the United States, Germany and the United Kingdom, each of which, despite all the evidence, still clings to the illusion that national solutions are best. All this is intensely vexing to the Third World and François Mitterrand obviously has much to gain from championing a cause which in 10 years' time all western leaders will wish they had been the first to respond to. If Mitterrand can bring that distinctive French flair for a new approach to this issue, above all others, he will have served the world well regardless of any other achievement or failure in his seven-year term.

His sense of the importance of global issues is, clearly, genuinely based. He has after all had long enough as a spectator at world events for such a vision to mature. France is no longer a major power or even, in many quarters, an important voice. At a time when the international community is so bereft of inspiration, a man like François Mitterrand, with a personal mandate as open as any in post-war history, has a unique chance to serve the world and in so doing give France a new promise of greatness.

Aftermath of Osirak

by Norman Moss

Israel's drastic unilateral action to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons has drawn attention to the less violent, international effects in the same direction, and to their shortcomings. The Israelis' justification for their air raid on the Osirak nuclear reactor near Baghdad is that of a group of vigilantes: "The police cannot protect us, so it seems that we will have to protect ourselves." To assert this is to denigrate the effectiveness of the police. Small wonder, then, that the Director General of the International Atomic Energy Agency, Sigvard Eklund, said after the raid: "It is the Agency's safeguards régime that is also being attacked."

The safeguards régime to which he refers is the most formal of all the international anti-proliferation efforts. It was created by the Non-Proliferation Treaty. Signatories to this treaty who have no nuclear weapons promise not to build any, and agree to open all their nuclear facilities to inspection by the IAEA to show that they are keeping this promise. Iraq has signed the treaty and kept to it. Israel has not signed.

Prime Minister Menachem Begin implied that the Iraqis were cheating, with his story of a secret underground chamber. But a secret chamber would be of little significance since a close check is kept on all nuclear materials that might be secreted. The problem would be getting them out of the reactor undetected, not hiding them. In fact the technical safeguards against cheating set up by the IAEA inspectors are pretty nearly foolproof.

The limitation of the treaty is not that a country might cheat. It is that a country might renounce the treaty, particularly if a new government has taken power after a revolution, and terminate inspection.

As has often been said, the safeguards-inspection system is like a burglar alarm; it does not prevent a burglary but it alerts everyone to the fact that a burglary is taking place. Furthermore, this would give warning in time, since several complicated steps have to be taken before the material from a nuclear reactor can be turned into a nuclear bomb, and other countries would have a period in which to take action. In these circumstances no one would be surprised at an Israeli air strike. But Israel did not wait for a burglar alarm to sound.

Since the nuclear facilities can outlast whatever arrangements are made for them, the major exporters of nuclear materials, increasingly worried about the dangers, have agreed not to sell abroad certain facilities that can be used to build nuclear weapons, with or without safeguards. These countries are known as the London Suppliers' Group, because the secret meeting at which they

agreed on these restraints was held in London; they comprise the major industrial nations, including both France and the Soviet Union.

These countries agreed not to export enrichment plant, in which uranium could be enriched to the point where it is atom bomb material, or reprocessing plant, in which plutonium, the other atom bomb material, can be extracted from used reactor fuel.

Nonetheless there are other sensitive items that are not on the proscribed list. One is highly enriched uranium. Members have not agreed not to sell the enriched uranium itself. This is usually used in small research reactors. Uranium enriched to a much lower degree, which cannot be used in bombs, is the fuel for most power reactors.

France agreed to sell highly enriched uranium to Iraq, along with an unusually powerful research reactor that uses it. Others warned it of the danger of doing so, including the United States. In recent years France has reconsidered its nuclear exports policy, and exercised restraint in new areas. It offered Iraq a lower-enriched uranium instead, which would have served approximately the same purpose with some slight modification to the reactor, but Iraq refused.

Now there will doubtless be suggestions that the London Suppliers' Group meet again and extend its embargo to include highly enriched uranium. There will also be new interest in the talks that are beginning under the aegis of the IAEA on international control of sensitive materials such as plutonium. It seems possible that President Mitterrand will not supply Iraq with another reactor using only highly enriched uranium, along with the fuel for it. His inclination is certainly against doing so, for he has always been more sceptical about nuclear power than Giscard d'Estaing. But he will be under pressure not to break an agreement made by his predecessor, and not to allow Israel to achieve its aim by an act of violence.

However, Israel has shown that denying highly enriched uranium to Iraq will not satisfy her. She did not bomb the store of fuel but the reactor itself, on the ground that it could one day be used to produce plutonium for bombs.

The implication of the Israeli raid is that if Iraq builds any kind of nuclear reactor bigger than the mini-reactor it already has, then Israel will destroy it again. Presumably this applies also to Syria and to other radical Arab régimes.

International policing is intended to erect a barrier between nuclear power and the construction of nuclear weapons. New measures are contemplated, and are probably needed, to make this barrier higher. Israel appears to be trying to build a barrier in a different place, and keep nuclear power out of most of the Arab world altogether, and that is a different proposition.

The new Tories

by Julian Critchley

The author, who is Conservative MP for Aldershot, profiles Paul Channon, who in January was appointed Minister for the Arts in succession to Norman St John-Stevas.

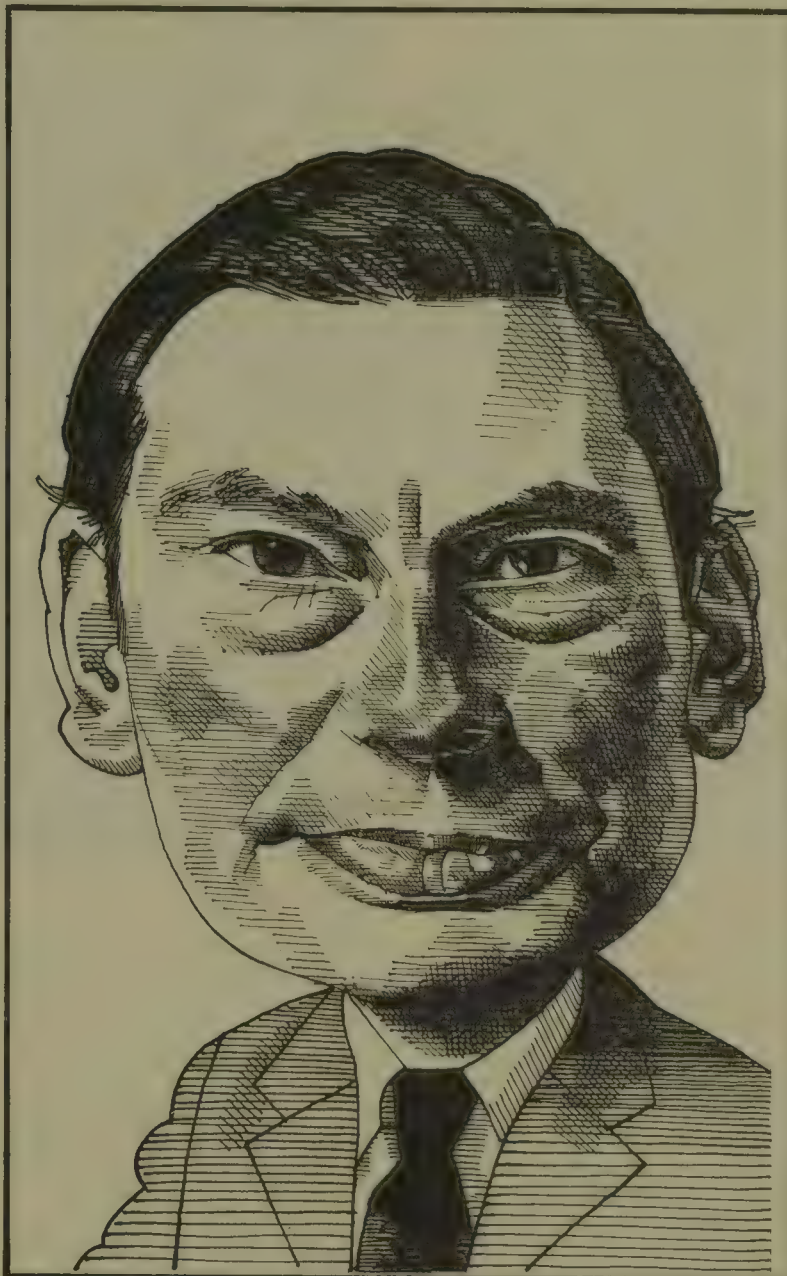
Paul Channon, the Minister for the Arts, was born with a set of silver spoons. He is the son of "Chips" Channon, whose diaries provided a scintillatingly malicious picture of pre-war politics and high life. In January this year Channon was appointed by the Prime Minister as Minister for the Arts in place of Norman St John-Stevas. He said at the time that "Norman will be a hard act to follow", but the new Minister is beginning to attract applause.

Paul Channon belongs to the Tory Party's café society wing. He is very rich—his fortune derives from the Guinness empire and he lives the life of Riley. His rise in politics appears to have been effortless for, despite the chops and changes within the party, he has never lacked preferment. He has been lucky in his patrons: Ted Heath invited him to join his Shadow Cabinet a few weeks before his defeat by Margaret Thatcher for the party leadership; Margaret Thatcher invited him to lead the Conservatives in the European Parliament, and when he failed to become adopted made him a Minister of State instead.

Channon was 23 and still at Christ Church when his father died. He was immediately invited to stand for Southend West. Members of his family had held the seat, under one name or another, since his grandfather was elected for South East Essex in 1912. His father had succeeded his grandmother, the Countess of Iveagh, as Member for Southend in 1935. The electors of the borough evidently knew what was good for them.

In search of the nomination Channon beat Neil Marten, who is now a Minister of State at the Foreign Office, and Sydney Bates, a former Mayor of Southend and the father of another Minister, Lynda Chalker. He is a first-class Member whose reputation locally is very high.

The young Channon, who is the nephew of Alan Lennox-Boyd, and whose father was a close friend of Peter Thorneycroft, entered the House in January, 1959, as its youngest Member. It was not long before he was appointed Parliamentary Private Secretary to Richard Wood. A little later he became PPS to Rab Butler, a position his father had held before him. To have been as close as he was to the second most powerful man in the party must have served as the ideal introduction to the vagaries of politics. The Conservative Party 20 years ago felt most at ease with those whose backgrounds and experience fell comfortably into the pattern of English upper-class life, and Channon, who was educated at Eton ("politics begin at Eton"), Oxford (where his economics tutor, Roy Harrod, told him he would never be as good as his mother), and the



Blues ("I was a very bad soldier") was clearly "sound", then as now the highest form of Whip's praise.

"Chips" Channon was an American from Chicago. When his diaries were published in the early 1960s they caused a sensation—they are much better than Harold Nicholson's—although the picture they painted of the author was not entirely flattering, and his son, who had sponsored their publication, came in for some adverse criticism. I am told that as much material remains unread as was, in fact, published.

At the start of the war the young Channon was evacuated across the Atlantic where he spent four years with the Astors in up-state New York. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a family friend and a neighbour of the Vincent Astors, and the boy was called upon to sing "God Save the King" for him. He

returned to England in time for VE Day and went to live with his father at Kelvedon Hall in Essex, spending his holidays with his mother in Ireland (his parents were divorced).

When Ted Heath became the leader of the party in 1965 he appointed Channon as a junior spokesman at Public Buildings and Works and then, in September, 1967, Shadow spokesman for the Arts. When in 1970 Mr Heath formed his government, Channon was made an under-secretary at the Department of the Environment, and then, after the imposition of direct rule in Northern Ireland in 1972, he was chosen by William Whitelaw to go to Ireland as Minister of State. It was a compliment, as Mr Whitelaw had been given the pick of the party. After the Conservative government's defeat in February, 1974, Mr Heath promoted

Channon to the Shadow Cabinet with responsibility for prices. It was at this juncture that his luck temporarily deserted him.

Mrs Thatcher, keen to make room for her supporters, promptly sacked Channon, although she did tell him, "One day I will give you a job again." For four years Channon was in the wilderness, his only compensation being membership of the party's delegation to the Council of Europe ("Une assemblée moribonde au bord du Rhin" said de Gaulle) at Strasbourg. For a time Channon flirted with the idea of running for the Presidency of the Council—a post generally reserved for Belgian station masters in their eighth decade. His wife Ingrid and a few of his friends argued him out of so unlikely an ambition.

Then, just before the 1979 election, Mrs Thatcher invited him to lead the British delegation to the European Parliament. There was a catch; he would have to get himself adopted as the candidate for the European constituency of North Essex. And he was determined to keep his Westminster seat. He failed, and David Curry was chosen in his place. In part compensation Mrs Thatcher gave him the post of Minister of State at the Civil Service Department, where he took charge when Christopher Soames went to Rhodesia. Channon had come back into office at the same level as he had left it four years previously.

It cannot be easy to follow Norman St John-Stevas, who had a seat in the Cabinet. "The Prime Minister made it clear I would be independent. I have my own question time in the House, which no one before St John-Stevas enjoyed, and that is a symbol, I think." Channon's scope as patron of the arts is clearly limited. "At a time of very difficult economic circumstances I would like to do my best to keep the arts afloat," but there are matters on the margin such as museums, libraries and cultural exchanges which should keep him busy.

Channon is regarded by his colleagues with a blend of envy, respect and affection. He is a nervous man, given to pencil-tapping. But has he been able to rise above his advantages? Some think he has had more than his share of good luck; others, and they are in the majority, do not begrudge him his spoons. He has done everything that has been asked of him with charm and competence, but he remains essentially untested. Whether there is room at the top for a grandee of his sort in a party presided over by the spirit of Alderman Roberts is a matter of some doubt. But if the chances continue to come his way Channon will doubtless take them.

Last hope for the African elephant

by Hammond Innes

A few years ago there were about 1,300,000 elephants ranging through 35 countries in Africa. Today the total is probably fewer than a million and it must be declining by about 100,000 a year.

"Ndovu, ndovu." Another shot, followed by a squeal, and a grey shape swayed into view. It crashed against the verandah, scattering tiles and moving forward again, dragging one leg, its trunk raised, its great ears spread like sails, its eyes small and sunken in great hollows behind the uplifted tusks. They were big tusks and the body behind the grey skull was all bone. I had just time to realize that the wretched beast was almost starved to the point of death when it trumpeted, the trumpet note ending in a squeal of fear, and then it was coming towards us again, its head and trunk swinging from side to side as if it did not know which way to turn.

That is an early scene in my novel, *The Big Footprints*. The left hind leg of that elephant had a length of thick wire embedded in the flesh, the whole foot swollen up and thick with flies, the smell of putrefaction hanging on the air. It was an old bull. He had put his foot in a wire noose attached to a log and was condemned by the poacher who had set the snare to drag that log until his foot rotted off and death intervened.

The Big Footprints is a story of the confrontation between an old hunter turned conservationist and a commercial culler. A film offer for the book proved to involve the filming of a big elephant cull in Zimbabwe. The cull may have been necessary due to overcrowding in one of the old Rhodesian game reserves or it may have been the need of a fat cash crop of ivory. I did not inquire. I refused the offer.

Overcrowding does occur in some parks and reserves, and in those areas culling is a fact of life. This is because almost everywhere in Africa the elephant is under intolerable pressures. It is sad to think that this remarkable animal, which has such an important role in the ecological cycle of forest and savannah, is in danger of being wiped out. Its size, its strength, its intelligence ensure that it is lord of jungle, bush and highlands. The only thing it has to fear is Man.

Once it roamed free over most of Africa, but it is now hemmed in by human populations, its range increasingly circumscribed, so it is almost inevitable that, outside whatever territory man will spare for game parks and reserves, the elephant will ultimately disappear. This is the reason for the World Wildlife Fund's present drive to carry out an African Elephant Action Plan.

The recommendations for that plan are those of Dr Iain Douglas-Hamilton, a man who, with his wife Oria, has got closer to the wild African elephant than anybody else. In their book *Among the Elephants*, there is a picture of Oria presenting her tiny baby to the big cow elephant they called Virgo. Douglas-



Some African elephants are fitted with identification bands to help zoologists chart their movements. Right, a huge pair of tusks shown off as a trophy.

Hamilton's recommendations are contained in the report of a survey carried out under his direction for the International Union for Conservation of Nature (IUCN). The survey covered the whole of the African elephants' present range, a total of almost 3 million square miles spread over 35 different countries. It was a huge task and it took more than three years to complete.

The total number of elephants in all these countries was estimated at 1,343,340. This is but a tiny fraction of the numbers that once roamed Africa from the Sahara to the Zambesi a century ago, and though the Selous reserve in Tanzania can still boast a thriving population of 81,000, this is one of the few bright spots in a gloomy picture. In most areas covered by the survey numbers have fallen very sharply in recent years. Douglas-Hamilton indicates that in only seven of the 35 countries is the elephant population at all stable. And it has to be remembered that because of the time taken to make the census estimate figures are now anything up to five years out of date. In the year following its completion an estimated 400,000 elephants were slaughtered.

That was the position half-way through 1980. What is the position now,

half-way through 1981?

Kenya, for instance. A game warden friend wrote to me that virtually all the bulls my wife and I had seen a few years back were gone. The poachers were now apparently concentrating on the matriarchal family groups, using in some cases automatic weapons, gunning down even the calves for their baby tusks. They were also killing the little wart hog, he said. Wart hog tusks make charming little handles for corkscrews and bottle openers.

The Shifta bands raiding south from Somalia were at one time operating a deliberate policy of destroying all big game. The object of this, apart from the meat it provided, was to attack the basis of Kenya's tourist trade. While this was happening in the north, as part of the Somali war of nerves for the return of the disputed Northern Frontier District, Tanzanian troops, massed on the southern borders of Kenya and Uganda, were living off the land, killing wherever they were camped and regardless of whether they were in a game reserve or a national park.

The IUCN report, being an official document, is circumspect in its language. However, it states categorically that Kenya "is estimated to have lost half its elephants in the space of seven years". On the figures given in the report this represents the slaughter of approximately 10,000 elephants every year in this one country, which is in line with

my own information at the time of publication of *The Big Footprints*, the slaughter rate then being put at between 10,000 and 20,000 a year, with one game warden assuring me that 20,000 would be "well conservative".

Over the whole of Africa some 90 parks and reserves account for 20 per cent of the elephants' range. It sounds good, but here we come to the poachers and environmental pressures: "Conflicting human interests may be expected to exert pressure even on the parks" says the report. And it goes on: "Elephants, harassed by crop defenders, or shot at by ivory hunters, tend to take refuge in the parks where they may for a while be better protected. Artificially compressed, they start destroying trees faster than they can regenerate."

In these circumstances there are only two alternatives: either increase the range available to the elephant or cull. The more highly organized and politically aware countries, such as South Africa and Zimbabwe, find it increasingly necessary to confine elephants to their existing parks and reserves. Their answer to the problem is culling. In most of the rest of Africa the problem does not arise. Poachers, soldiers, wars and natural disasters make culling unnecessary. In the last decade illegal killing of elephants for gain has been at an unprecedented rate.

In Uganda, for instance, Douglas-Hamilton reports only 150 elephants left



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out of 3,000 in the Rwenzori, and these were "clustered" around the park lodge for protection against poachers; in the Kabalega a population of some 9,000 had been reduced to a pitiful 160.

In many parts of Africa survival thus becomes the urgent problem. The tourist trade in areas such as east and southern Africa may safeguard the elephant to some extent against population pressures and the rapacity of humans. So long as there is cash coming in from tourism the political will to maintain parks and reserves is reinforced. But there are fortunes to be made from ivory.

Early cave-dwellers hunting horned animals developed in man the urge to carve, and the elephant's misfortune is that it has been cursed with a pair of tusks. Ivory is better than bone or horn, as Arctic carvers working with walrus tusks realized long ago. China alone is reckoned to require some 30 tons of ivory every day of the year, and there are also Hong Kong, India and various centres in South-East Asia. With supplies dwindling and demand increasing, the price of ivory has rocketed in the last decade. In the 1960s it was around £3 per kilogram. By the mid 70s it had soared as high as £50 to £60. The price has fallen a little now, but in Kenya, even at £35 a kilo, the killing of one reasonably tusked elephant will enable a rural labourer, if he is lucky, to grab himself the equivalent of a year-and-a-half's wages for a single week's

poaching. And there are other countries where the rewards are even greater, in some cases the difference between plenty and starvation for the poacher and his family. Hence sympathy for the poachers is fairly widespread. In the circumstances it is wrong to blame them. The demand is there, and even if sentences were tougher, they would still be insufficient as a deterrent. It is the market that needs to be attacked.

The ivory dealers, being relatively few, are regarded by some as the most vulnerable link in the chain from African bush to Asian carver. But there will always be dealers in any commodity for which there is a demand. The ultimate responsibility for the traffic must surely rest with the mindless men and women of the wealthier countries who buy bits and pieces of ivory without a thought of what their purchase means in terms of suffering and of the future of a unique creature under threat of extinction. It is these people who need to have their eyes opened.

Women told that the unblemished perfection of their leopard-skin coat has been achieved by thrusting a red-hot iron rod up the anus of a wretched animal caught in a net are usually horrified. It is more difficult to shock purchasers of ivory into a realization of the damage and the pain they are causing since the connexion with the animals is not so immediately obvious and the methods of killing are normally less

startling and more protracted.

By quoting from my book I have given, I hope, a reasonably vivid picture of what happens to an elephant that puts its foot in a poacher's snare. This is a slow, protracted death. If the animal's trunk gets caught up in the wire loop, then death is from thirst, which is quicker, probably no more than a week. But the trunk is a highly sensitive part of an elephant's anatomy; a man might understand if I equated it with having his penis caught up in a wire loop attached to a log of relative size. He could drag the log with him when searching for food, but the pain would be exquisite.

However, man has many other ways of killing elephants. One of the oldest is the pit and stake, a cumbersome technique, but quicker and simpler if used in conjunction with poisoned nails. Poisoned arrows have an advantage over guns in a game park since there is no noise, but the poacher has to get close to the elephant. Guns are now the poacher's main weapon, particularly where game wardens are non-existent, thinly spread or ineffective because of official venality.

It is guns, including automatics, that have really damaged the elephant population in the last few years. Only guns, in the hands not only of poachers but also of trigger-happy soldiers, could have caused the catastrophic fall in the elephant population of Rwenzori and the southern part of the Kabalega Falls Park. In Namibia there is even a case of army officers armed with machine guns gunning down elephant herds from helicopters, just for the hell of it.

There are other methods of mass killing. Douglas-Hamilton specifically refers to allegations of waterholes being poisoned and the distribution of poisoned fruit along known elephant trails. The poisons mentioned here are battery acid, aldrine and insecticides, which suggest that in such cases the urge to slaughter is probably due to competition between the elephant and tribal herds, pressure on waterholes, or the need to protect crops.

Any accurate up-to-date assessment of elephant mortality in Africa from whatever cause is quite impossible. The territory is too large, official information too imprecise and what figures are available, based on ivory exports, are obviously false because of smuggling. It is most unlikely that there will ever be another Pan-African survey, so in many cases Iain Douglas-Hamilton's figures will constitute the basis for all future estimates of population.

Ivory exports from Africa of around 1,000 tons, taking an average tusk weight of 4.8 kilograms, would represent a death rate of over 100,000 elephants a year. Some tusks are never recovered and the smuggling is probably a good deal greater than most officials admit. A reasonable guess might be that the total slaughter rate is much nearer 200,000 a year.

Bearing in mind the pressures to which the elephant is now being subjected and the biological factor of a gestation period for calving of 640 days, it

is evident that on the basis of the survey's estimated total population, the *net* annual decline after allowing for births could be well over 100,000. But if the estimate of 400,000 killed in one year is correct, and the acceleration of poaching in many areas continues, it seems clear that, again allowing for births, the total African population must now be well under the million.

Whether the African elephant can survive or not is now very much in the hands of world organizations, and they in turn depend on funds raised to maintain parks and reserves and fight off poachers. But game scouts in most of the countries concerned are short of practically everything.

But the major and enduring threat is the pressure of fast-growing human populations and the inevitable and ever-increasing demand that results from this for more land to grow crops and more land to graze enormous herds of low-grade cattle.

The problem of water, particularly during the dry season, can be appreciated only by those who have actually seen a tribal herd being watered. I witnessed it once just outside a game reserve at a waterhole that only a few years before had been used by all the wildlife of the area. Now it was a well 6 metres deep and exclusively for the use of cattle. They were driven down to it in batches of 50 to 100, the whole operation carried out with military precision, the blacks at the waterhole chanting endlessly, their backs shining with sweat as the buckets were passed up to the surface, and the scrawny humped cattle kept coming, the dust rising throughout the day as the waiting groups moaned and pawed the ground impatiently.

But nobody brings up water for the animals whose habitat this once was. Wildlife must quench its thirst elsewhere. That may be all right during the rains, but in the dry thirst is a more certain killer than a shortage of food.

The destruction of the habitat, combined with the high level of unnatural deaths due to ivory hunters, makes the African elephants' future bleak indeed. So bleak, in fact, that the Action Plan concentrates only on what is thought to be politically possible. If the park organizations could be strengthened and the reserves cleared of poachers, then 20 per cent at least of the elephants' total range would be reasonably secure. But though Dr Douglas-Hamilton's recommendations are of necessity limited, because of the many countries and the fact that the pockets of parks and reserves are scattered over a vast area, they will still be very costly. This means that organizations like the World Wildlife Fund will have to raise a great deal of money in a particularly difficult period. But the problem calls for something more than money, and this is a contribution every one of us can make by helping to influence public opinion. If the purchase of anything made of ivory became objectionable, and there was an outcry whenever stores advertised or displayed ivory products, the future of the elephant would be a lot brighter. ●

The miraculous toy

by Susan Briggs

The author, whose book *Those Radio Times* is published this month by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, recalls the early days of broadcasting and the part played by the *ILN* in establishing its popularity.



THE FIRST USE OF RADIO BY PARTY LEADERS IN A GENERAL ELECTION: MR. BALDWIN READING HIS ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC INTO A MICROPHONE AT THE LONDON HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY.

When in 1932 *The Illustrated London News* celebrated its 90th birthday with a special souvenir issue, G. K. Chesterton summed up its distinctive virtues in his regular column, "Our Note Book". It was the one illustrated paper, he claimed, which through the years had covered fully "the hobbies of natural history and the fairy-tales of science".

In the same year the BBC was celebrating its 10th anniversary and *The Illustrated London News* maintained its Victorian tradition of making the most of every new invention. Characteristically it looked back to long before 1922 when it reproduced from an August, 1913, issue what it called "the first published illustration of wireless for family use", a painting of an upper-class family in evening dress grouped around a primitive crystal set. They were said to be "Londoners receiving a time signal from the Eiffel Tower, Paris".

In 1922 *The Illustrated London*

News had seized immediately on the significance of regular broadcasting. "The present year of grace," it stated, "will have a red-letter place in the history of scientific endeavours." The regular column, "Radio Notes", began to appear only three days after the birth of the BBC itself, alternating in successive issues with "Talking Machine Notes", and taking its place alongside the well-established "Chronicle of the Car" and "The World of the Kinema". Each of these columns displayed the same welcoming and confident attitude to new developments in technology. They were intended to stimulate new interests in their readers as well as to satisfy existing ones.

With the hindsight of the 1980s it may not seem so remarkable that *The Illustrated London News* backed radio so enthusiastically and so early. Yet in 1922 it was one of the few non-specialist journals to appreciate the possibilities of



A technical drawing by the *ILN*'s artist W. B. Robinson, from the issue of May 12, 1923, showed how a broadcast was made. Left, Stanley Baldwin who in 1924, with the other party leaders, made the first use of radio during a general election.

broadcasting. While *The Bystander*, for example, jeered at listeners-in and treated the listening habit as if it were a disease, "one of those epidemics you sicken for, catch, and spend an inordinate amount of money getting rid of", *The Illustrated London News* encouraged listeners by providing them with plenty of technical information and colourful descriptions of broadcasting studios and personalities. In March, 1924, for example, one year after the opening of Savoy Hill, it provided a detailed feature on the studios and equipment for "those thousands of our readers who have acquired the listening habit and possess receiving sets in their homes". Typically, the straight information was presented with an air of wide-eyed excitement: "The veil of mystery has been lifted from that cave of wizardry... but the inner secrets must remain a mystery still."

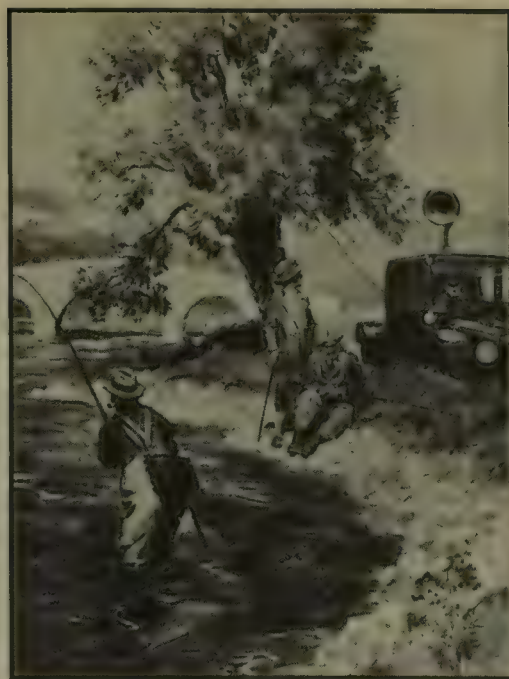
The Illustrated London News was as interested in assessing the social significance of broadcasting as it was in summing up and predicting technical developments. Those same readers who had "acquired the listening habit" were

themselves the subject of features and drawings.

In November, 1922, for example, two weeks before the birth of the BBC and of "Radio Notes", "Broadcasting; a non-technical article for the beginner" assured listeners-in that "those to whom the subject has possessed mere passing attraction may be assured that the time has come when a new interest is opened up in daily life. As a relaxation, as a scientific pastime, and as an educational factor, listening-in is of absorbing interest to man, woman and child, whilst to invalids it is a veritable boon."

Artists like W. R. S. Stott and C. E. Turner were commissioned to paint imaginary scenes of listeners-in in every conceivable situation—an open-air party, "The up-river dance to broadcast music: a new radio joy", or—a final flight of fancy—"Salmon fishing to wireless music: a 'cast' and a 'broadcast'."

As broadcasting established itself and the British Broadcasting Company gave way to the British Broadcasting Corporation in 1927, artists continued *The Illustrated London News* tradition of pro-



In March, 1924, the Prince of Wales met a Mill Hill School pupil who had "got America" on his school radio. Top left, "the first published illustration of wireless for family use" from the *ILN* of August 2, 1913. Top right and below right, the artist W. R. S. Stott's 1923 paintings of imagined listeners-in salmon-fishing and holding a riverside party to a radio accompaniment.

viding technical drawings, rather than photographs or diagrams, to explain scientific inventions like radio to their readers, who often needed to be very intelligent indeed. The work of "special artists" W. B. Robinson and G. H. Davis was full of pleasant human detail as well as technical terminology. The captions of these drawings, too, were full of excitement, with a generous sprinkling of words like "mystery", "magic" and even "miracle". And when sound broadcasting was followed by television in 1936—if only for Londoners—there was a new "miracle" to proclaim. Even before 1936, indeed, in the days when television meant Baird, there were features like a double-page spread in February, 1935, grandly titled "The Technique of Television: a new scientific 'miracle' enabling fireside 'telescaners' to see distant events."

Artists' features of this type contrasted with news stories of the events and personalities of the day, usually illustrated with photographs, the staple fare of *The Illustrated London News*. The events included milestones in radio history: the Prince of Wales visiting Mill

Hill School in March, 1924, and congratulating the boy who "got America" on his school-made installation; and, a few months later, a photograph of Stanley Baldwin reading his general election address into a huge "meat-safe" microphone at Savoy Hill, which formed the frontispiece of the issue of October 25, 1924.

Once sound broadcasting had established itself during the 1930s, *The Illustrated London News* became less interested in its current operations. "Radio Notes" soon disappeared and there was little sense before 1939 that the time might come when sound broadcasting and, even more, television would challenge the role of weekly or monthly periodicals, presenting the news with a greater sense of immediacy.

It was only in the late 1940s that competition between broadcasting and the weeklies began to count. For this reason the most interesting comments of *The Illustrated London News* on the influence of broadcasting on national life belong not to the post-war world but to the nostalgic golden years of wireless between 1922 and 1939 ●

Hong Kong Garrison

by John Winton. Photographs by Richard Cooke.

The author reports from Hong Kong, where the normal duties of the 13,000-strong Garrison have had to be subordinated to the need to protect the Colony from large numbers of illegal immigrants.

"People at home always think of us as lotus-eaters out here," says Captain Andrew Waugh, RN, Captain in Charge of the Naval Base at Hong Kong. "That's certainly not true. We actually work very hard." His voice has a defensive note and it is easy to see why. Hong Kong must be one of the most spectacular places on earth, spectacular in wealth and prosperity as well as in scenery: the Peak and the banks, the money and the skyscrapers, the restaurants, shops and night-clubs. By day the hills and the sea and sky are palely washed, like a Chinese watercolour. By night, the scene is a brilliant fairyland of blazing neon lights. To claim to be hard pressed in Hong Kong seems rather like volunteering for active service in Bond Street.

Yet the first surprise is the size of the forces in Hong Kong, the Garrison as they are often called. The total is some 13,000 men and women, including volunteers, auxiliaries and Locally Entered Personnel from the Hong Kong Chinese. The largest contingent by far is the Army, with one British and three Gurkha infantry battalions, the Gurkha transport regiment, engineers and signals, headquarters staff, an Army Air Corps helicopter squadron, the Royal Hong Kong Regiment (Volunteers), and the Royal Hong Kong Military Service Corps. Their strength is about 12,000, of whom over 5,000 are Gurkhas and 2,500 are British.

The Navy provides the Hong Kong Squadron of five Ton Class patrol craft, which are mine countermeasures vessels, specially adapted with a limited amount of armour and an added 40mm gun; the 40 knot fast patrol craft HMS *Scimitar*; and Naval Party 1009, with two 50 knot SRN 6 hovercraft. The Royal Marines provide No 3 Marine Raiding Squadron. Last but not least is a converted ex-dockyard tug, Her Majesty's tug-of-war *Clare*. The total is about 700 officers and men, half of them Locally Entered Personnel.

The RAF have only about 260 officers and men, almost all of them with 28 (Army Co-operation) Squadron, equipped with eight Wessex helicopters. 28 Squadron is a famous and historic unit, first formed with Bristol Fighters at Gosport in 1915. In Hong Kong they are worth a whole battalion because helicopters are the key to operations in this sort of terrain. No part of the Colony is more than 11 minutes' Wessex flying time from the HQ at Sekong airfield in the New Territories. Anybody who is anybody in Hong Kong—from Gurkha platoon commanders to circuit judges, from radio and TV technicians to surveyors and new town planners—goes by chopper.



Royal Marines of the No 3 Marine Raiding Squadron on patrol in the harbour.

28 Squadron's eight Wessex helicopters are aging a bit now, but they are reliable and, as they say, "soldier proof". They have been around some time, but when you are at the end of a 9,000 mile route for spares, as 28 Squadron is, it pays to have a machine whose idiosyncrasies are well known.

Every day is different. As Flight Sergeant "Erwin" Schultz of 28 Squadron says, "It's not what you call dull. It's hop, hop, hop all the time." One "hop" could be a dawn patrol along the eastern coast and islands, looking for evidence of illegal immigrants (IIs) trying to come ashore. Another "hop" could be a surveillance flight along the formidable steel-mesh and barbed wire fence which now marks the border with mainland China. Or it could be a supply drop to an observation post in trackless country manned by soldiers who could otherwise be reached only by mules. Or it could even be fire fighting. The Chinese are careless about their environment. Every year in the dry season from September to the New Year scores of fires are started by campers and picnickers. The helicopters "bomb" the fires with 2 tons of water spilled out of fibreglass buckets.

They call the Wessex "a bit of a truck" and certainly in Hong Kong it is used as a kind of airborne, multi-purpose furniture van, sometimes for projects (at an estimated £2,000 an hour each) which seem spendthrift. For instance, they regularly fly out to place markers on a firing range and then, when firing is over, fly out to bring them back—total cost, about £4,000.

But the Hong Kong government pays 75 per cent of all defence costs in the Colony (100 per cent for *Scimitar* and the hovercraft) under defence costs agreements negotiated with the UK Government. The last 1976 agreement was supposed to run for seven years but it has already been overtaken by events. Another agreement was negotiated

(again for seven years) in October, 1980, and came into force on April 1 this year. Its main provision is for an extra UK infantry battalion to be added to the Garrison.

The factors that made the 1976 agreement disadvantageous to the British and eventually caused it to be renegotiated prematurely were first inflation, and second the very large increase in Hong Kong's population. This was due mainly to the tremendous influx of illegal immigrants from China.

The struggle to keep these IIs out of Hong Kong has completely distorted the operational duties of all the armed forces in Hong Kong for the past two or three years. The Services are committed to maintaining internal security, to preparing for limited war (happily, relations with China are stable at the moment), and to improving community relations. But all these have been subordinated to a fourth commitment to preserving the integrity of Hong Kong's border by land and by sea—anti-II operations.

For a long time many Chinese in Hong Kong had mixed feelings towards the IIs. They recognized that the IIs had entered illegally but, after all, many of them had been immigrants themselves, arriving in one of the many "waves" Hong Kong has absorbed over the years. Two of the largest influxes occurred after the Communist victory in 1949 and after the Cultural Revolution of the 1960s. These citizens, now settled and prosperous, felt that in the IIs they were looking at themselves as they had been a few years earlier.

There has now been a change of heart, partly due to assiduous propaganda by the government but largely because of the sheer numbers of IIs. Everybody has come to realize that the Colony's very existence is threatened.

Few of the IIs were political or ideological refugees. The great majority were simply drawn by the bright lights. Attracted by the reports of high wages

and by the consumer goods they saw on Hong Kong TV, which can be received some way into China, they flooded across in their thousands. Some 8,000 were caught and returned in 1978, but another estimated 28,000 were not. In 1979, 90,000 were caught, but an estimated 108,000 made it and settled in Hong Kong. Five out of six IIs were male, single, aged between 15 and 35 and unskilled labourers, with a smattering of students and craftsmen or production workers.

Once an II reached urban Hong Kong he was given an identity card and became, in effect, a citizen. This was because the government did not want IIs to be blackmailed or exploited by the criminal elements of the Colony. This was called the "touch base policy" and it was exactly like a gigantic game of tag, played on a huge human scale over miles of sea and land. At the height of the inflow it was not unusual for 200 IIs to be caught in a night. The border stretches for about 20 miles from the fishing village of Sha Tau Kok on the east coast across to the marshes and swamps of Deep Bay (actually quite shallow) in the west. It is manned by two infantry battalions, dubbed the "Right-Hand" and the "Left-Hand" battalions. The soldiers are mostly dispersed in isolated observation posts and are relieved every three days. Their usual unit is a so-called "brick" of three soldiers. The men of one brick of the Royal Regiment of Wales were ensconced in their *basha* made of branches on top of a concrete tomb. Apparently the tomb's owners do not object. "They're quite happy," one soldier explained, "except during Bones Week, once a year, when we have to move out while the relatives come and polish the bones of their ancestors."

Meanwhile, economy of effort was the motto. If they saw an II would they chase him? "No way. We let *them* do the work. Besides, you'd never catch them. We just tell the fence patrol and they'll pick them up later, when they try to get over." The fence, strengthened and restrengthened, is now a formidable obstacle, some 12 to 15 feet of stout wire mesh topped with loops of barbed wire. Some of the IIs have been on the road for five days before reaching the fence, yet one or two are supposed to have shinned up and over, wire and all, in 12 seconds. Some are reputed to have dosed themselves with pain-killing drugs before their attempt. Some, when captured, have offered inducements to be allowed to stay—the young men money, the girls their bodies.

If they could not make it on land, they came by sea; HMS *Wasperton* picked up 450 of them in one weekend last year. They came by speedboat from



An Army Air Corps helicopter flies over Hong Kong harbour on a ferrying flight to the naval base. Left, a helicopter flies past a junk in the harbour. Any craft which seems in any way suspicious is searched for illegal immigrants.

Macau (the going fare last summer was about HK\$25,000, say £2,000 a passenger) and diners in waterside restaurants would look up from their steaks to see *Scimitar* or one of the hovercraft bounding across the harbour in hot pursuit of a speedboat. Overhead a helicopter would also be tracking with the specially fitted xenon-arc 65 million candle power searchlight Nite-Sun.

Nite-Sun is so bright that it disorients anyone caught in its beam; sooner or later the speedboat driver has to stop or go round in circles. Some were carefully and deliberately swamped by *Scimitar's* wake. Some chucked their IIs over the side and made a bolt for it. A few, completely overcome by Nite-Sun, drove at high speed on to the beach in a cloud of flying limbs and splinters. Overturned drivers and passengers were picked up dead, their internal organs ruptured by smashing around at high speed for anything up to an hour.

Speed-boats were for the up-market IIs. Most came by junk or fishing craft, only to be intercepted by the launches of the Royal Hong Kong Police, in company with the Ton Class patrol craft in the east, or the very successful tug-of-war *Clare* in the west. Those who could afford neither speed-boats nor junks risked the sharks and shoals



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Hong Kong Garrison

of Deep Bay on rubber rafts. Some swam for it, with footballs or bags filled with ping-pong balls stuffed under their shirts. Some just came as they were.

Some tried more than once. The helicopter pilots and aircrew of 660 Squadron Army Air Corps, who did much of the close-range surveillance, claim sardonically that they had some "old customers. One bloke we're sure we captured eight times! Quite a few of them knew just how to strap themselves into the helicopter."

The British and Gurkha platoon commanders took a detached view of their job. The Army put it on a sporting basis, running sweepstakes on the numbers of IIs caught, offering a bottle of champagne to the most successful brick. The Navy COs—Lieut Cdr Tony Herdman in *Monkton*, Lieut Cdr Charles Addis in *Clare* and Lieut Mike Collings in *Scimitar*—all took a strictly professional view. They were there to catch IIs, were glad when they caught them, disappointed when they did not. For the hovercraft crews and the Royal Marines in their rubber raiding craft who worked with them, lurking in the islands and inlets ready to pounce, there were all the tensions of ambush and the thrills of the chase.

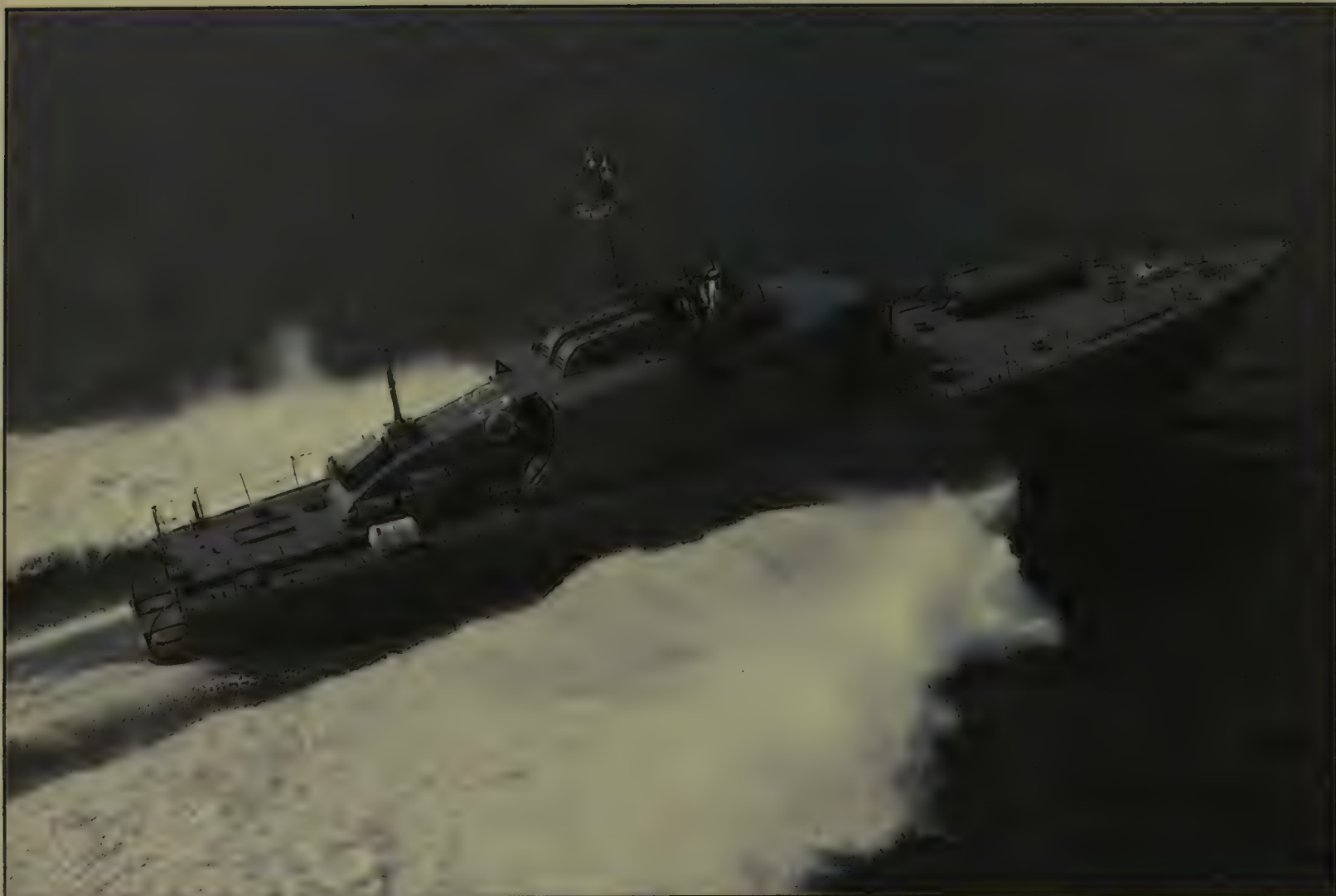
But some sailors were shaken by the corpses pulled out of the mangrove swamps, by the sight of a young Chinese girl with a dead baby at her breast. Even the living were wet through, hungry, wearing rags, badly in need of food, medicine and warmth. As one naval staff officer said, rather ruefully, "In any other circumstances and in any other part of the world these are just the sort of people the Royal Navy would be helping, not chasing." As he said, "This isn't worth losing a life for." So far no serviceman has lost his life in anti-II operations.

By October last year 70,000 IIs had been repatriated and another suspected 62,000 had reached touch-base. Then, literally almost overnight, the situation changed. The government abandoned the touch-base policy. Everybody in Hong Kong now must have an identity card. Any employer engaging someone without an ID card risks a very heavy fine. And, as a government spokesman said, "One suspects a change of policy on the mainland, too. Obviously they have said to the heads of the local communes, 'One more escape from your commune and you'll be for the chop.'"

Whatever the reason, there has been an almost magical calm. The number of IIs has dropped to a handful a week. The police launches, the Ton Class, *Scimitar* and the hovercraft still do their patrols, patiently stopping and boarding any junk or craft not showing a light or appearing in any way suspicious. The Marines, with their extraordinary physical resilience, still lie out all night in their raiding craft. The bricks still pound their beats in Sha Tau Kok and



Surveillance patrol flights are made by helicopter in the border area. Illegal immigrants have been known to climb the wire mesh and barbed wire fence that separates Hong Kong from China, which is 12 to 15 feet high, in only a few seconds.



Hong Kong Garrison

camp out along the border in their open-air observation posts.

But for most of the Garrison life can return to somewhere near normal and they can get back to what they consider their "proper jobs". The Tons can assemble for the "bumping races" they call flotilla exercises and bounce off each other's sides until the sun sets. The Gurkhas and the Highlanders and the Welshmen can carry on training for what they rightly consider a "real war".

Training for limited war is still the Hong Kong Garrison's main undertaking and they are doing it under the

threat of an uncertain future. Hong Kong Island and a strip of Kowloon on the mainland were both ceded to Great Britain in perpetuity by treaty. The rest of the New Territories, and by far the greater area of the Colony, is held under a 99-year lease which ends in 1997. The trouble is that China does not recognize either of the treaties or admit the existence of the lease. For China, Hong Kong is "an accident left over by history, which will be solved in time". Meanwhile the Hong Kong government demonstrates its faith in a long-term future by, for example, investing millions in a new mass transit railway system in the New Territories. But in case the railway should not be enough, the Garrison go on preparing for war ●



Soldiers manning the border are dispersed in isolated observation posts where they spend three days on duty. Above left, soldiers are collected from one such post by an RAF Wessex helicopter. Top, HMS *Scimitar*, a 40 knot fast patrol boat.

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The Royal Wedding



The Prince of Wales and Lady Diana Spencer were married in St Paul's Cathedral on July 29. The photograph on this page shows the couple on their way back to Buckingham Palace after the ceremony, and on the following pages we publish a full pictorial report of this memorable royal occasion.



On their way to St Paul's: the Queen with the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother with Prince Edward, and Prince Charles with Prince Andrew; below, the Prince of Wales's procession proceeding up Ludgate Hill.

The Prince of Wales married Lady Diana Spencer in St Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday July 29, 1981, as arranged. No last minute impediments were confessed, everyone arrived on time, the day was blessed with warmth and even some sunshine, and the occasion was a memorable blend of punctilious pomp, traditional formality, transparent happiness and popular enthusiasm, with a new edge of conscientious but not too obtrusive security. For some of the crowds who lined the route (estimated to have numbered some 600,000), the day had in effect begun the previous evening, with the fireworks display in Hyde Park, after which they stayed on for informal celebrations and a short nap at a suitable vantage point. For others the promise of a fine day brought an early start towards streets already lined with units from the three armed services and with police turning their backs to the road and their faces towards the crowds. For the majority, who were the millions who watched the whole proceedings on television, the day's events began with the switching on of sets to see the assembly of the Guard of Honour, provided by the Prince of Wales's Company, 1st Battalion Welsh Guards, in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace, and with the gathering of members of the British and some foreign royal families somewhere inside the Palace preparatory to their departure for St Paul's Cathedral.

The crowned heads, who included the King of Norway, the Queen of Denmark, the King and Queen of Sweden, the Queen of the Netherlands, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, the Prince and Princess of Liechtenstein and Princess Grace of Monaco, left the Palace in a fleet of cars shortly after 10 o'clock. They were followed by the five bridesmaids—Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, Miss India Hicks, Miss Catherine Cameron, Miss Sarah Jane Gaselee, Miss Clementine Hambro—and the two pages—Lord Nicholas Windsor and Mr Edward van Cutsem.

The first carriage procession, that of the Queen, left the Palace at 10.22. Escorted by mounted police and four divisions of the Sovereign's Escort of the

Household Cavalry, the procession comprised eight carriages led by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in an open semi-state landau. At 10.30 the Queen's procession was followed by that of the bridegroom, who travelled with Prince Andrew in the State Postillion Landau. Five minutes later the bride, escorted by her father, the Earl Spencer, left Clarence House in the Glass Coach, the traditional vehicle for royal weddings, though it is disappointingly short of glass for those anxious to catch a glimpse of the wedding dress.

Lady Diana's dress, made by Emanuel of London, was of ivory pure silk tulle and old lace, embroidered with tiny mother-of-pearl sequins and pearls, with a lace flounce around the neck. The skirt was full, worn over a crinoline petticoat, and there was a sweeping train, 25 feet long, trimmed with embroidered lace. She carried a bouquet of British-grown flowers, with a centre of gardenias supported by golden Mountbatten roses to honour the memory of Lord Mountbatten, surrounded by lily-of-the-valley and white freesia, with a cascade of white odontoglossum orchids and stephanotis.

Meanwhile within St Paul's Cathedral the fortunate 2,500 guests had been taking their seats from the moment the doors opened at 9 a.m. Among the early arrivals were the bride's mother, Mrs Shand Kydd, her former flatmates who sat together in the front row, Lady Spencer, the Prime Minister with Mr Denis Thatcher, a selection of former Prime Ministers, Mrs Nancy Reagan, the wife of the President of the United States, Crown Prince Hassan of Jordan and the King of Tonga, whose own chair, better proportioned for his formidable presence than the standard Cathedral issue, had been placed in readiness for him.

The moment for the start of the ceremonial seemed to be heralded rather informally by the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Maclean, who was seen at around 10 o'clock to assemble his Ward of Office by screwing the two parts of it together like a billiard cue. His action precipitated the removal of the protective covering from the red carpet ➡





On the Cathedral steps: bridesmaids Catherine Cameron, Clementine Hambro and Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, and the bride, who arrived with her father.

surrounding the dais, the arrival of members of the Bach Choir and the musicians of the Royal Opera House, the Philharmonia and the English Chamber Orchestras, the procession of the ecclesiastics, and the taking up of positions by the Yeomen of the Guard and of her Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms. The great west door was thrown open and the principal guests were greeted on arrival by the Lord Mayor of London, by the Dean of St Paul's, the Very Reverend Alan Webster, the Bishop of London, the Right Reverend Graham Leonard, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Reverend Robert Runcie, who was wearing an impressive new silver-grey cope and mitre.

The bride's arrival at the Cathedral was greeted with a fanfare by the State Trumpeters of the Household Cavalry, and her procession through the nave was accompanied by the Trumpet Voluntary of Jeremiah Clarke, who was himself organist in the Cathedral nearly 300 years ago. As the bride and her father joined the groom on the dais the marriage service began with the singing of Purcell's hymn "Christ is made the

sure Foundation". For the first part of the service, including the exchange of vows, the 1928 version of the 1662 prayer book was used, with the bride omitting a promise to obey and both participants making nervous variations on the leads given them by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The bride muddled the order of the groom's four Christian names, and the groom promised to share all his goods, but apparently had reservations about his worldly ones, since he left out that customary adjective. When the bride said, "I will" cheers were heard from the crowd outside, listening to the service relayed through loudspeakers.

In the later part of the service the prayers were drawn from the alternative order of worship approved last year, with the addition of a prayer, read by the Reverend Harry Williams, that the couple had themselves had a hand in writing. This part of the service also reflected the ecumenical nature of the occasion for other prayers were read by Cardinal Hume, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, and by the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

In his address Dr Runcie acknowledged that what was being witnessed was the stuff of which fairy tales are made. But fairy tales seemed to regard marriage as an anti-climax after the romance of courtship, and this was not the Christian view. "Our faith sees the wedding day not as the place of arrival but the place where the adventure begins," he said. A marriage which really works was one which works for others. "Those who are married live happily ever after the wedding day if they persevere in the real adventure which is the royal task of creating each other and creating a more loving world."

After the prayers Gustav Holst's hymn "I vow to thee, my country", the choice of the bride, and surely one of everybody's 100 best tunes, was sung; and during the signing of the register Handel's aria "Let the bright Seraphim" and chorus "Let their celestial concerts" was sung by Kiri Te Kanawa, the New Zealand soprano, and the Bach Choir. As the bride and bridegroom returned into the Quire a fanfare was sounded from the Whispering Gallery. The processions out of the Cathedral were accompanied by Elgar's Pomp and Cir-

cumstance March No 4 and Walton's Crown Imperial.

The return of the Prince and Princess of Wales, as Lady Diana had now become, was greeted with roars of delight from the waiting crowds, who made their way down the Mall behind the last of the carriages to demand, and receive, the usual repeated appearances of the couple and of other members of the royal family on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. Some hours later, after the wedding breakfast, the Prince and Princess, covered in rose petals, set off for Waterloo Station in an open carriage which had received some additional decoration from Prince Charles's brothers in the form of balloons and a roughly scribbled "Just Married" announcement adorned with two hearts and arrows. It was a happy departure and a fitting conclusion to a memorable occasion. Prince Charles clearly expressed his gratitude to the Lord Chamberlain as they took their leave on the station platform, and as that master of the ceremonial unwound his wand of office at the end of the day he could reflect with justice that the magic of the monarchy had been worked once more.



The bride, on the arm of her father Earl Spencer, advances up the nave of the Cathedral towards her waiting bridegroom.



The bride, with her father, arrives at the high altar. Right, the royal family look on as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Runcie, performs the marriage ceremony.



The Prince and Princess of Wales exchange glances as the service proceeds.



The Archbishop of Canterbury blesses the newly married couple. Left, a general view across the Cathedral. Guests included many heads of state, ambassadors and high commissioners.



After the signing of the registers the Prince and Princess of Wales moved in procession to the West Door of St Paul's followed by their attendants.



Top, the crowd's first sight of the new Princess of Wales with her husband. Above, Prince Charles helps his bride into their carriage.



The Prince and Princess of Wales respond to the enthusiastic crowds on their way back to Buckingham Palace after



the ceremony; they travelled in the 1902 state landau, built for Edward VII's state drive to the City.



On the return drive to Buckingham Palace after the wedding the Queen was accompanied by Earl Spencer and Prince Philip rode with Mrs Shand Kydd.



Crowds lining the route of the procession numbered 600,000, many of whom moved towards the Palace for the traditional balcony appearances, filling the Mall.



Soon after their return to Buckingham Palace the bride and groom appeared on the balcony with their attendants and members of their families.



The bride and groom photographed by Patrick Lichfield in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace after the wedding ceremony.



A formal group of some of the crowned heads of Europe, other foreign royalty and friends and relatives of the bride and groom photographed by Patrick Lichfield. Front row, Edward van Cutsem, The Earl of Ulster, Catherine Cameron, Clementine Hambro, Sarah Jane Gaselee, Lord Nicholas Windsor. Second row, King Carl Gustaf and Queen Silvia of Sweden, King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola of Belgium, Princess Margaret, Princess Anne, the Queen Mother, the Queen, India Hicks, Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, Mrs Shand Kydd, Earl Spencer, Lady Sarah McCorquodale, Neil McCorquodale, Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands, Lady Helen Windsor, Grand-Duke Jean and Grand-Duchess Joséphine-Charlotte of Luxembourg. Third row, the Prince of Denmark, Queen

Margrethe of Denmark, King Olav of Norway, James and Marina Ogilvy, Captain Mark Phillips, Angus Ogilvy, Princess Alexandra, Prince Andrew, Viscount Linley, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince Philip, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince Edward, Princess Alice, the Princess of Wales, Lady Fermoy, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Kent (behind Lady Fermoy), the Earl of St Andrews (behind the Prince of Wales), the Duchess of Kent, Lady Jane Fellowes, with behind her, Viscount Althorp, Robert Fellowes, Prince Michael of Kent, Princess Michael of Kent, Princess Grace of Monaco, Prince Albert, Hereditary Prince of Monaco. Immediately below him, Prince Claus of the Netherlands, Princess Gina and Prince Franz Josef of Liechtenstein.



Top, crossing Westminster Bridge on the way to Waterloo Station, right. The carriage was decked with balloons, left, and bore a "Just Married" sign on the back.

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New Zealand revisited

Story and pictures by Des Wilson.

The author recently revisited his home town in New Zealand for the first time in 22 years to find prohibition had ended, television had arrived, but many of the old myths remained.

At some time during the 22 years I have been away from New Zealand I apparently told a reporter that I came from the South Island town of Oamaru, "half as big as New York cemetery and twice as dead". I don't remember when, where, or to whom I said it, but someone told Oamaru I had and Oamaru remembers. New Zealanders are exceptionally sensitive to criticism, even more so to humour at their expense. So there I was, stepping into a bar, back in town for the first time in all those years, and the barman (whose duties, I would have thought, included keeping the peace) opened proceedings with "So, do you still think we're twice as dead as New York cemetery?" No one spoke but the faces were eloquent in their malevolent pleasure at my confusion: "That'll teach the half-Pommy bastard to come back thinking he's so clever." Welcome home. I remembered then why I had left. There's no smaller town than a small New Zealand town.

It takes 36 hours to fly from London to New Zealand, including a few brief stops, and even in the care of "Singapore Girl", who is every bit as attentive and alluring as Singapore Airlines claim, that's a lot of time to spend in an aeroplane. I employed it trying to remember the country I left behind in October, 1959, when, 18 years old and with £250 to my name, I took the train from Oamaru to Christchurch and from there a plane to Melbourne, Australia, *en route* for England. Those memories were inevitably of Oamaru because in those days New Zealanders did not travel much, even within their own country (many still don't). Mount Cook, the highest mountain in the Southern Hemisphere, was only three or four hours from my home but I had never seen it, nor had I yet seen the main cities of Auckland and Wellington.

Oamaru, in 1959 a town of 10,000 people, now, I've been told, 13,500... what did I remember? An attractive coastal town, banking and shopping centre for the farming community of North Otago, with a factory for freezing meat, another for making flour and a third for processing wool. A little over half-way down the eastern coast of the South Island, it is exactly mid-way between the Equator and the South Pole (a stone on the edge of town marks the spot). I remembered a sheltered bay, largely neglected because South Islanders prefer the clear and sparkling rivers to the sea, and lots of trees, and parks where I spent all my time as a boy with a rugby ball in the winter and cricket bat in the summer. There was a famous school, Waitaki Boys High School, where I attained School Certificate before leaving as soon as legally possible,



South Islanders prefer swimming and fishing in the clear inland rivers, top, to the sea; above, a Maori meeting house in the North Island.

at 15, to become a junior reporter on the local paper. There was a warm, well stocked library where you could read the latest edition of *The Illustrated London News*, its cover strengthened with cardboard to preserve it from damage by too many eager hands. I remembered the Majestic Theatre, really a cinema, the only one in town, screening two films a week and everyone in Oamaru saw them both. There was no television then. And the Scottish Hall where the dances were held on Saturday night. Probably nine out of every 10 Oamaru marriages have resulted from boy meeting girl at the Scottish Hall; my parents' did and if I had stayed around

mine probably would have as well. And I remembered, too, that there were no bars or pubs because Oamaru had prohibition.

In 1893 an Act of Parliament had instituted periodic polls in each constituency on whether the sale of alcohol should be permitted and in 1905 the citizens of Oamaru had decided it should not. Every few years there was a vote on the issue and most of my happier memories of the town concern some of the extraordinary campaigns that took place. I recall a clergyman who was passionately opposed to the restoration of "the licence" coming into our office and offering a bottle of Scotch

to each of the reporters if his campaign was covered sympathetically. And I remember a Boer War veteran called George Cutriss, the local billiard saloon proprietor, upsetting the Mayor at a big public debate on the subject by rising to speak a second time when the Mayor had ruled that no one could speak twice. When upbraided he protested, "But I understood it was permissible to ask a question, Mr Mayor." The Mayor apologized; of course George could ask a question. George then proceeded to make point after point to enhance his case. The Mayor rose. "I'm coming to my question now, Mr Mayor," George reassured him. He then continued to hammer home his argument until, seeing the Mayor getting impatiently to his feet, he cried, "And my question, Mr Mayor, is this..." There was an expectant silence. "Does this meeting or does it not agree with what I have been saying for the last 10 minutes?" He sat down amid uproar.

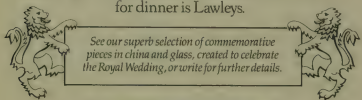
In the years I have been away the town has at last voted "the licence" back and built a number of cavernous bars, but the prohibitionists have had the last laugh because the bars were opened about the same time as television arrived in New Zealand and Oamaruvians, already accustomed to doing their drinking in their own homes, had a new reason to do so. I toured the huge taverns on a Thursday evening. Apart from one where a bingo meeting was taking place they were virtually empty; many had all but one of the bars closed and the remaining ones held only. ➤

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New Zealand revisited

a handful of morose-looking boozers. New Zealanders have, however, civilized their licensing hours to end the awful "six o'clock swill". I recall when I was a young reporter in Dunedin that my older colleagues ordered huge foaming jugs of beer in some pubs after work because the chances of being served twice before six o'clock were slight. If you tripped and fell on your way to be served at 5.30 it could be six o'clock before you could get up, such was the rush to sink as much beer as possible by six. It was not a pretty sight.

Television has made a greater impact upon New Zealand than on any other country I have known, reducing the sense of isolation caused by its geographical position, but also politicizing what was previously a non-political country. New Zealanders have always exchanged parties in power for pragmatic reasons, both the Labour and National parties occupying the same middle ground. It may be one of the world's initiators in social welfare, but it is not a socialist country in the conventional sense; it may be committed to home ownership and private enterprise, yet it is not offensively capitalist and is tightly governed, with perhaps more words of legislation and regulation per head of population than any other democratic country.

Many local authorities, such as the Oamaru Borough Council, are made up of respected citizens on the "village elder" principle rather than representatives of political parties, and the smallness of the country causes Members of Parliament to be more involved in their local community than is the case in Britain where their presence in their constituency is often little more than a token gesture. No one talked politics much when I lived there; even as a reporter, covering meetings every day (and New Zealanders love committees and meetings), I can recall party political point being made only at election time. The Mayor of Oamaru when I worked on the local paper was a school teacher called Bill Laney; I never knew what party he belonged to until he attempted to become the National Party's parliamentary candidate. When he was rejected he changed to the Labour Party and became its candidate. Nobody minded; on the contrary, he was elected.

The effect of two national television channels, each with a substantial current affairs output, serving a population of only three and a half million people has been to change all that. Politics and politicians have been forcibly thrust into the lives of a reluctant population. Nor does it end with television: I was staggered at how media intensive the country had become. The city of Christchurch, for instance, with 300,000 people, is fed information from two television channels, six radio stations, two daily newspapers, a variety of suburban newspapers, and magazines; New Zealanders also read more

The North Otago town of Oamaru, banking and shopping centre for a farming community and workers on energy projects on the Waitaki River.

magazines in proportion to population than any other country. Given that the media thrive on controversy, the effect has been almost to over-heat the country politically. Sense of proportion can sometimes suffer.

The media are, however, only one factor in the increasing politicization of the country. Another has been the intrusion of politics into the New Zealanders' religion—sport. Any reader with even slight acquaintance with the country will know that frivolity is not intended. The importance of rugby to my generation and that of my parents cannot be exaggerated. When I was a boy in Oamaru it was through rugby and rugby alone that New Zealand made its mark on the world. We had no world statesmen, no film stars, no conventional heroes (at least until Edmund Hillary climbed Mount Everest), only All Blacks. The greatest catastrophe to hit New Zealand during my childhood was defeat by the Springboks in 1949; our greatest triumph was the avenging of that defeat in 1956. As a result of this fanaticism the Rugby Football Union is more than the governing body of the sport; its decisions and policies have a profound effect on the country as a whole. It was the RFU which decided to defile the United Nations and the Commonwealth and the NZ Government and invite the Springboks to play in New Zealand while sporting contacts with South Africa were frowned upon; when in the early 70s the then Prime Minister, Norman Kirk, banned a tour, politics could no longer be divorced from the sport and a great number of New Zealanders who had previously

never read beyond the sports pages suddenly wanted to know what their MP was and what he thought. What he thought about the tour, that is—still it was a start.

This is an election year in New Zealand and also the year of another Springbok tour. This has been a source of considerable embarrassment to New Zealand's populist Prime Minister, Robert Muldoon. As a signatory of the Gleneagles Agreement decrying sporting contact with South Africa, Muldoon had little choice but to oppose the tour. He had other reasons for doing so, too. First, his Australian neighbours, with whom he is trying to forge closer economic ties, were strongly opposed to the tour, not least because it could lead to disruption of the Commonwealth Games planned for Australia in 1982. Second, he did not want election year to be marked by political demonstrations and divisions within the country. On the other hand, he had also sworn to meet and tell New Zealanders whom to invite as guests to their own country and he would not ban the tour either. His hope has been that such troubles as arise would be containable and would be forgotten by the November election.

A third factor in the increased politicization of New Zealand has been the shattering of the illusion that for New Zealanders the good life was guaranteed. In the past five years more than 100,000 people have left the country as inflation and unemployment have risen and the country has struggled with the recession. The economic problems began with Britain's move towards partnership with Europe and the loss of the privileged British market for New Zealand's agricultural produce. With a relatively small domestic market, it has always been exceptionally dependent on exports and nearly half of those exports

were to the UK. It has been working hard to develop other export markets but in the meantime has suffered. At the same time technology in agriculture reduced the need for manpower but greater industrialization to create alternative employment meant the need to import more raw materials and the country could not afford them. On top of these problems came increases in world oil prices. By the mid 70s the country's balance of payments deficit exceeded NZ \$1,000 million and the borrowing requirement is still very high.

The "good fortune" of anybody born in New Zealand because, it was said, they had inherited a land of plenty was built into the mythology of a country whose self-image is based on myths; but when I left it in 1959 New Zealand was in the top four countries in the world for national income per head; now it is below 20th and falling. As if this has not been enough, the country's unemployment, they have also had to contend with the educated young who have been questioning whether the good life had been so good after all. One of the country's iconoclasts, journalist Gordon McLauchlan, says "materialism has been the coarse fabric of our dreams which we have overrun, dreams on which we have found (to our subconscious dismay) that we have expended ourselves. There was nothing else—just materialism. There is no passion to give us a dream, a vision of love and beauty, a sense of the variety of lifestyles, of alternative viewpoints and philosophies through which we may fulfil ourselves in different ways. Quality of life was an optimistic, resonant phrase at first, one which implied some broad agreement about a goal. But then a couple of election campaigns (the last two) stripped it about New Zealanders have no moral or social

philosophy, no dream of the future, beyond the orthodox good health of the pagan God, The Economy."

For that economy there is hope. The country is beautiful and under-occupied with still unfulfilled potential for tourism. It has the physical conditions and the knowledge to maintain a considerable output of food in an increasingly hungry world. It has enormous reserves of coal, unlimited resources of renewable hydro and geothermal power, and a capacity for initiative and enterprise as well as a financial reputation which enables it to borrow in order to develop. Top priority in the national strategy is to become self-sufficient in energy, the target being to be half-way there by 1987 and virtually all the way by the year 2000. Just north of Oamaru is the powerful Waitaki River, fed by three lakes, and in the years I have been away it has been impressively harnessed to a massive hydro-electric project with a generating capacity of over a million kilowatts. Even this is a small part of the energy programme. Oil prospecting licences detailing work off western New Zealand worth NZ \$300 million were recently announced. And all this is dwarfed by the NZ \$2 billion being spent on the Maui natural gas field, the ultimate aim being to convert gas into gasoline.

In the meantime other myths are being dispelled, for instance the one that New Zealand is a happily multi-racial society, a shining beacon in a world of increasing racial tension. This myth owes much to the acquiescence of earlier generations of Maoris in the taking of their land and the destruction of their traditional way of life (eventually the Maori population was halved in the second half of the last century) and little to the generosity of the *pakeha*, as the white man is called. Now the Maori and Polynesian populations are growing rapidly. The Maoris have doubled in numbers since 1959, and the younger generation is less willing to accept second-class status in such areas as employment and housing. The white New Zealanders who were happy to call the Maori "a good bloke" as long as he knew his place are becoming restless.

On the central issue of land, 10 per cent of it is still in Maori ownership, much of it under-developed in economic terms. For the Maoris this land is not only necessary for their livelihood but it also has religious associations. The result has been considerable controversy over any plans to develop their land in a manner unsatisfactory to them.

Prime Minister Robert Muldoon, whose National Party seeks a third term of office in this year's elections and faces opposition from both the traditional enemy, the Labour Party, currently led by David Rowling, and the fast-rising Social Credit Party, led by the popular Bruce Beetham (the Liberals and the Social Democrats in Britain) trades on the unpopularity of the two main parties without having a particularly clear alternative policy itself, is happy for the moment to brush off questions about New Zealand's racial problems by blaming them on a "radical element

who don't represent Maoridom and are something of an embarrassment to traditional Maori leaders. Their appeal is mainly to younger people." The problem with this is that the majority of Maoris are younger people and to many of them the compromises of the traditional Maori leaders have been the embarrassment. The situation calls for a more sensitive response to the needs of the Maoris and Polynesians and a greater acknowledgement of the importance to the country as a whole of enabling them to preserve their language and their traditions.

Gordon McLauchlan, in his book *The Passionless People*, attempts to dispel another myth, that New Zealanders "are a benevolent and contented people in a green and sunlit land". He says unhappiness has become an epidemic, that New Zealanders have become "smiling zombies" wrapped up in their own mythology, insecure, suffering from a national inferiority complex, bored, afraid to feel or express emotions, hostile to the individualist, and authoritarian. "In the field of human relations we have failed." It is, of course, an outrageous generalization and considerably over-stated but, just the same, many thinking New Zealanders, especially those who have travelled, acknowledge more truth than is comfortable in the image he creates.

To someone accustomed to uninhibited exchanges of opinion, to open expressions of affection or sharing of feelings within family or friendships, to dealing with a great variety of personalities in day-to-day life, the sameness of New Zealanders and their opinions and their embarrassment at openness comes as a shock. British MP Austin Mitchell, who lived in New Zealand for a time, has argued that "in mass societies you know a few people deeply. The Kiwi acquaintance is wide, not deep. They are all thrown together and they've got to get on together, so their skill is at keeping acquaintance as pleasant as it is shallow. To go deeper might tap well-spurred of irreconcilable differences. In this way the people manage to conceal what little diversity there is. They do this so well that they become possessive about diversity if ever it crops up."

It may seem a contrary thing to write but it could be that in the increasing discontent lies the country's greatest hope. While it may temporarily manifest itself in undesirable ways, if it leads New Zealanders to question the assumptions of their myths and face realities about their changing circumstances and needs, if it leads them to talk more to each other about what quality of life really means and what kind of country they wish to leave for their children, if it leads to protest against the country's environmental wonders and to a society more tolerant of the individual and more culturally varied, then it may be less necessary for its more enterprising and imaginative young people to leave so that they can thrive as human beings and it will have been an experience worth living through.

THE COUNTIES

Michael Watkins's

ESSEX

Photographs by Phil Rudge

It is a melancholy fact that whenever I find myself in Chelmsford I long to be in Kathmandu. I cannot put hand on heart, swearing that the county town of Essex fills me with a sense of beatitude. The Romans were of another mind, naming the place Caesaronagus, elevating it as the only British town with imperial prefix; and, in so doing, confirming my opinion that they were barbarians. Brave Queen Boudicca would have had my support in her campaigns to send them packing.

And who, pray, passed the architect's blueprint for the University of Essex halls of residence? They are featureless monoliths, multi-storied tombstones shaming the fair Wivenhoe landscape. Parts of St Osyth have also been sacrificed to barbarians: "Bel Air Caravan Park", "Club El Toro", a wasteland eroded by speculative greed. "Happy Days" is one of Heybridge's joyless caravan sites . . .

You should not expect passivity of a lover; and I do love Essex quite fiercely, and will defend her if I can. They say, who know no better, that she is wedded to London, inhaling fumes from the

great metropolis, her arteries clogged by urban traffic. It is partly true and useless to deny. As, over the centuries, London has over-indulged, gorging on industrialization, shipping and mercantile prosperity, so it has put on weight, spreading its corners into Romford, Purfleet, Grays, Tilbury, Stanford-le-Hope, Canvey. There is even an argument for considering Southend-on-Sea a London suburb. Yet I can lead you into an Essex wilderness which is one of the last remote corners of England, a bare 50 miles from Piccadilly Circus.

Consider these: Brightlingsea, Mersea Island, Heybridge Basin, Northey Island, Osea Island. Belonging to the Blackwater estuary, these are manacled to the past, home of a superstitious people, God-fearing—but fearing also the dark one of their bad dreams. Some have turned their backs on the world; others merely shrug, accepting that times have advanced while they stand still, stranded on the isthmus of their own independence. A few cling to this past, reassured by the village they once inhabited. They have obliterated the present, remembering 50 years ago

better and more clearly than last week.

You could say perhaps that they are an uncritical breed, that they have little and do not need much more. Historically, they were vulnerable, exposed to invaders, some who came to pillage, others who settled. A 10th-century epic poem, *The Battle of Maldon*, records the heroic stand in AD 991 by Byrhtnoth's Anglo-Danish defenders against Viking warriors camped on Northey Island. This same terrain is scoured by winds unbroken by any land mass all the way from Siberia. It is the wind that makes the countrymen mutter; they talk with their mouths shut because they do not want to let the east wind in. But they work a steady stroke, unconcerned with metaphysics and by clever modern men. Occasionally newcomers who settle among them say: "They could kill you with silence."

There are other aspects to their several natures. They are not innovators, nor do they question the order of things. Spanish peasants of Old Castile have a legend: "We are born, we fight and we die." It is a philosophy well suited to men of the Essex. ➡



Essex's majestic, cloud-banked sky photographed near Frinton. Left, Southend-on-Sea, the county's good-time-girl, shows off some of her many seaside wares. Below, fishing the Thames at Tilbury, London's major port for container ships, situated across the estuary from Gravesend.



Low tide at Heybridge Basin, a popular yachting and caravanning centre on the north side of the Blackwater river. Some 16 miles inland in Dunmow Joe Smith perpetuates a skill that has been in his family for three generations.

SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT.
IN TRUE LAMBERT & BUTLER STYLE.



MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables

DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Essex

marshes. When called to arms, they went: to Agincourt, as archers and pikemen, to Waterloo to hold the thin red line, to Passchendaele, Alamein, the Injim. They have shed their youth and their blood in foreign fields. And no doubt they swore as they went down, disbelieving at the last gasp that anyone could better a man from Brightlingsea.

These marshes are forgotten, secret—sinister, too, some say. The sea ebbs and flows into creeks, gouging out inlets where in summer the common tern flies upriver on fishing trips. At high tide water courses on to the flats where avocets feed. If you are patient you will hear skylarks and spot a hovering kestrel. You will hear the cronk and gabble of wild geese. Over the seasons sea water has smothered the land, poisoning trees with its taste of salt; at low tide old gate posts rise like dismembered limbs from pools of mud. They have a skeletal look. The land is drowned, derelict, to the benefit of wildlife, waders and wildfowl, curlews, duck, sea-swallows and herons. There is loneliness, a fractious wind, a calloused touch to everything under the massive sky. The colours are of marsh reed tarnished gold, mute greens and misty blues; no magentas or vermilions scream into the solitudes.

Men live with one foot on the land, the other in tidal saltings; they live by the plough and by the tiller. "Native" oysters have always been partial to estuaries and creeks flowing over cold London clay. In Colchester oyster feasts and ceremonies for mayor and corporation go back at least to 1667; but the Romans were gobbling oysters at Colchester long before. It was their main reason for making Colchester "Britain's Oldest Recorded Town"—such is the claim of Colin Brookes, oyster-man and historian of Heybridge Basin. It was only after Roman discomfiture in Colchester during Boudicca's revolt of AD 61 that they decided that London would make a safer administrative capital; although it is still tempting to think of the A12 dual-carriageway as leading out of Colchester to London rather than vice-versa. Neither lose sight of the truth that when Essex was a Saxon kingdom, London was its capital. Partisans still consider London a minor satellite of Essex.

Aboard his dredger, *Karenda*, Colin Brookes is fearful of the oyster's future: "It's a dying industry," is his lament. "Once there were nine pubs, now we're down to two, the Old Ship and the Jolly Sailor ... but there's still about seven gun punts between here and Maldon," he announces proudly. The village may be changing hands—from pirate, smuggler, Elizabethan seaman, Napoleonic privateer, poacher and deck-hand, to people with thinner, etiolated blood from city bank and insurance house—but ancient sports survive.

Ask James Wentworth Day. In the words of H. T. Massingham, Wentworth Day was "born and bred in the true tradition of the 18th-century sports-



Dedham, a former wool town, lies in the Stour valley. Left, Saffron Walden, well known for its decorative pargeting.

D'Arcy today, the GP gives you a prescription which you take to Mrs Bore at the village shop. The prescription is handled at Tollesbury and returned to Mrs Bore in a "Salter bag".

There is a certain Essex quality which is imperishable, too: stubbornness is that quality, downright cussedness that refuses to be brought into line. But there is no common purpose, no uniformity in this obstinacy; it is simply a series of unconnected statements of implacable self-confidence. One is aware of it in patrician Frinton and equally aware in proletarian Southend-on-Sea.

Frinton is an anachronism. It is a seaside resort preserved in aspic, petrified since the early 1900s when nannies wore starched white aprons and gallants paraded in striped blazers. Sartorial habits have changed; so, too—though only marginally—the mock-baronial architecture; otherwise Frinton remains inviolate. Mafeking may have been relieved, but the news has not quite got through to Frinton. Once you have filtered through passport control at the town's periphery you enter the Immaculate Zone where certain commandments ordain one's lifestyle. To isolate its inhabitants from the Sodom and Gomorrah temptations of the outside world, pubs, fish and chip shops, cinemas and buses have no place in Frinton. Nor is there any overt advertising. I rather doubt whether dying is permitted; senior citizens transfer from Frinton-on-Sea to a kindred Valhalla on a slightly more celestial plane.

Frinton practises its own brand of apartheid; its eternal verities revolve around "showing the flag" and regular doses of Beechams Powders. Sanders of the River and Biggles were probably Frintonians. There is no malice to it; all in all it is rather endearing.

men—naturalists". Born in 1899, he is still a fighter. Take his latest prank. Down at the Ingatestone pub, not far from his Victorian "Early Gas Age" villa, the discussion concerned strength; strength and the weight a man can lift. James said he could lift the heaviest man in the bar, a 16-stoner, and being the sportsman he is, laid a wager on it.

He lifted the man; then, to prove his point, he made to walk a few steps. It was his undoing. He tripped and fell, 16 stone of human dumb-bell on top of him. The impact burst his bladder. A doctor gave him three months to live but James, considering that he still had some drinkable claret, that there were still a brace or two of game birds to shoot—well, all things considered, he decided he might as well live. Which is precisely what he did.

A lethal sport, you might think; but child's play compared to gun-punting. There is plenty of hard work getting a punt across the tide, especially if you have had to sprint half-way down the other shore before crossing over to an island hide. Some guns have a 2-inch

bore and fire 1½ lb of shot as big as pills. The gunner waits, face down, camouflaged in a reed-bank, until he has a target, then he pulls the lanyard. The thing goes off like a howitzer, there is smoke like Guy Fawkes night, the punt shoots back in the water, and the birds are laid out all about.

On Christmas Eve, 1920, Dr John Henry Salter of Tolleshunt D'Arcy went down to these marshes at 4 am, up to his knees in water "with", according to his diary "an east wind blowing strong and rain in torrents". He then fell into deep water "shooting under the worst circumstances of weather from 5 to 10 am, a walk of the beastliest description for 8 miles and then 50 miles of patient-seeing afterwards ... a good wholesome day for a young man of 80." During his lifetime he owned 2,692 dogs; between 1865 and 1925 he shot 62,504 head of game and wildfowl. He won 1,400 prizes for fruit, flowers and vegetables. He brought more than 10,000 Essex babies into the world.

They never really die, these marshmen; if you are sick in Tolleshunt

Essex

Southend-on-Sea would give a good belly-laugh at such refinement, for Southend has never made any pretence to ladylike behaviour. She is loud, she is obvious, she hasn't an aitch to her name, and she has a heart of gold. She has the longest pier in the world, wears kiss-me-quick paper hats, eats candy floss, jellied eels, stewed eels, pie and mash. She plays bingo and rides the Big Dipper; she sings "Knees Up Mother Brown" and gets tiddly on Guinness. She would live for a cuddle in the back of a charabanc, and die for a friend.

Parts of Southend have the look of downtown Miami in this year of grace. There are areas where she has been given a lick of paint and the kiss of death. Basically, she remains unscathed: her jewelry is a thousand flashing neon lights, her corsage a bouquet of palm trees, each a trifle stunted, like desiccated shaving brushes. Frinton and Southend have nothing in common except an invincible zest for survival.

An individual with a will for posthumous survival of a kind was Nicholas Magers who, having made a fortune in London insurance, decided to leave a monument fitting to his status upon his death in 1779. This gorgeous confection of cherubs and angels is the focus of attention in Brightlingsea's All Saints Church. The fulcrum of the whole rococo affair is a marble globe, rotated so that the Americas face the choir stalls—the Americas, however, arranged in more exuberant pattern than is currently recognized: California depicted as the "Isle of California", is separated from the mainland by the "Red Sea".

East Mersea church, virtually unchanged since the Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould was rector 100 years ago, has another oddity in that the 17th-century pulpit, mounted on a high stone base, has no means of access. Could it be that sermonizers are lowered into the pulpit on wires from the rafters in the way of pantomime fairies? Essex can be downright contrary.

Contrary, but not in the least neurotic; there are few schizoid bumps, few depressions in her topographical make-up. There are no mountains or ravines, the countryside undulates undramatically, fussily. The marshes and estuaries are full of surprises, packed with guile, blasphemous and gritty; dark deeds and heroism are part of the emotional tenor. The marshlands are not favoured for neutrality. For peace and gentle hearts you must travel to those final frontiers of urbanization, to where London stops being London, sensibly becoming Shellow Bowells instead. Which leads to Chignall Smealy, Good Easter (rhymes with Chester), the Rodings (rhyming with "soothings"), and eventually to Saffron Walden, the prettiest dwelling-place in Essex. Just a small town, you should understand, whose inhabitants go about their business, breathing in and breathing out, walking past some of the best preserved parterring in England—on the walls of



Essex

Area

907,331 acres

Population

1,446,700

Main towns

Colchester, Saffron Walden, Clacton, Chelmsford, Maldon, Basildon, Southend.

Main industries

Agriculture, boat building, oyster fishing, furniture making, sand and gravel extraction, oil storage and refining.



Cricket devotees check up on the state of play at the Chelmsford county ground.

Maison Talbooth in Constable's beloved Dedham Vale; and it would be a sybaritic night for in the Shakespeare room is a sunken bath from whose gilded taps asses' milk flows. Or so it seems.

The phrase "Dedham Vale" has become synonymous with "Constable's country", itself already used in John Constable's hearing as he boarded the London-bound coach in 1832. Dedham itself, clustered in the broad Stour valley, clings to the episcopal skirts of another great church, famed for its flower festivals. As in the Suffolk clothing towns, Dedham's climax of prosperity came in Henry VII's reign; and this prosperity was never really eclipsed. Spearing, the village grocer, is the rural answer to Fortnum & Mason; each house in the high street is a little grander than its neighbour. I am sure the people of Dedham observe the rules of truth and beauty, and never have unkind thoughts or cheat at cards. It is just that it all seems a bit self-conscious, a fraction too good to be true. If Dedham expelled a collective swear-word, I would feel happier. Perfection is an uncomfortable bed-fellow.

It reminds me of the Dunmow Flitch Trial not many miles away: a flitch of bacon is awarded to the couple who, under cross-examination, best convince the judge and jury that not for one split second in 12 months have they regretted their marriage vows. They would never convince me.

Any more than I am convinced that East Anglia's outstanding visual attribute is the sky. You can see the whole sky, it is said. To be honest, I am not at all sure I want to see the whole sky. I like hills, towering forests, sprawling valleys. What strikes me about this landscape is the mud. There is such a lot of mud. It has different colours and hues, a variety of texture; it is heavy, adhesive, clinging to your boots, binding you to the soil. That is what I like when I go walking over Essex mud—the very feeling that I am bound to the soil ●

the Old Sun Inn, nowadays an antique shop.

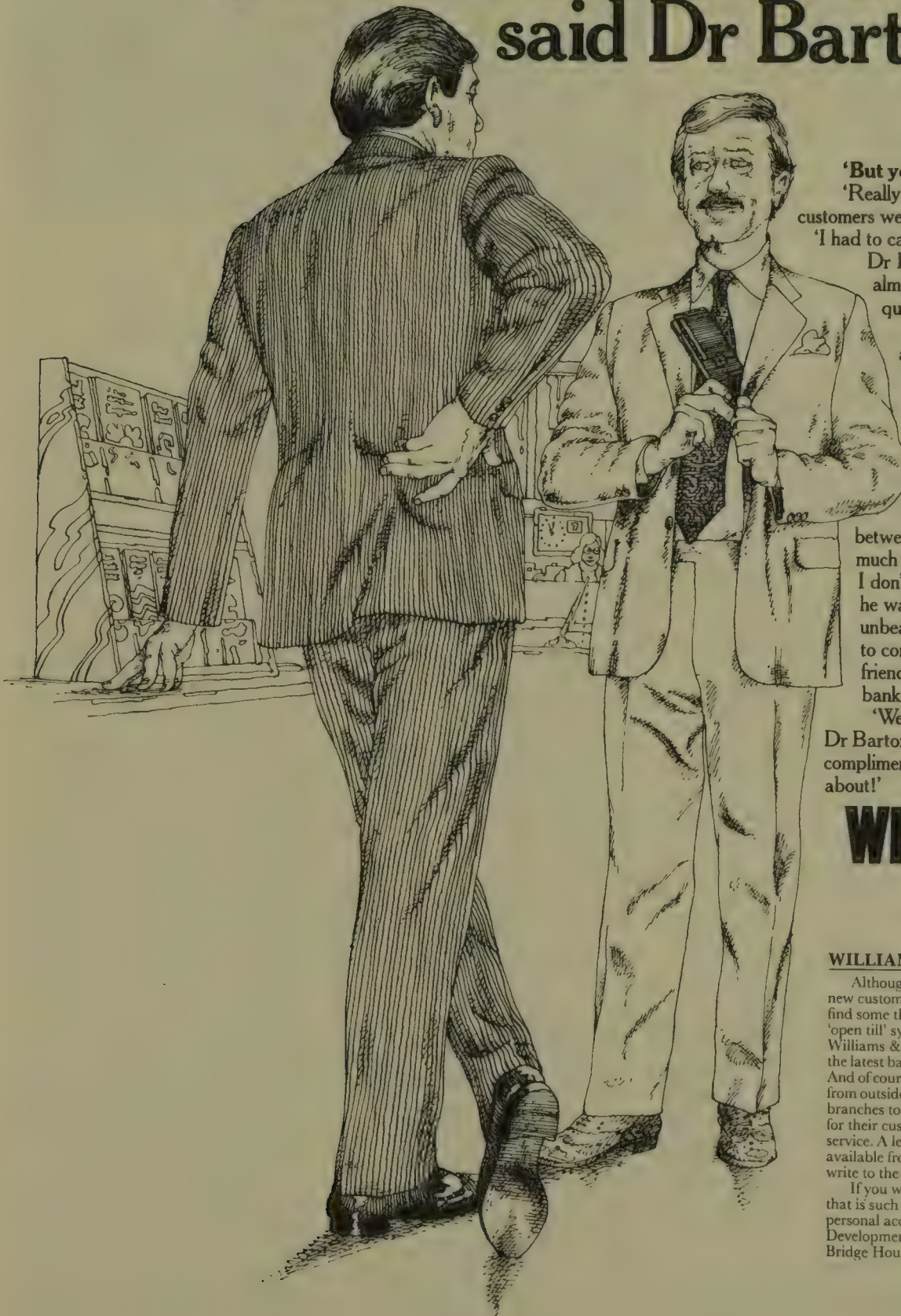
Near by stands Audley End, the vast Jacobean palace that supplanted Walden Abbey as a dominant influence on the life of the town. It is a handsome house, made handsomer by its mill-race and riparian setting, in which Capability Brown and Adam had a hand at landscaping. Vanbrugh, too, left his signature on Audley End. With three such illustrious names, who could deny this masterpiece of classical elegance?

Thaxted, too, is a joy. Thaxted, originally "a place where thatch comes from", is high among the most popular British symbols of not only thatching, but the whole picturesque mood of vernacular building. Stand at the foot of

cobbled Stony Lane, looking up towards the church: fine oversailing houses of wattle-and-daub and exposed timbering. It was here that Conrad Noel was appointed to the living by Lady Warwick in 1910, thus beginning one of the most turbulent and controversial incumbencies of the century.

Finingfield is relentlessly pretty, its village pond captured on however many million rolls of Kodachrome. Merrie England at its most obvious; but I could do without the "GI Special" on the menu at Ye Olde Nosebag Restaurant. For a real taste of Essex I would treat myself to dinner in that outstanding restaurant at Great Yeldham, the White Hart; or, in another direction, at the Talbooth. Here I would overnight at

'Some people grow four elbows, Mr Wagstaff,' said Dr Barton.



'But your customers only need two,' he added. 'Really?' said Wagstaff, relieved to hear that at least *his* customers were anatomically normal.

'I had to cash a cheque elsewhere the other day,' explained Dr Barton, 'and the elbowing in the queues was almost up to the bus stop standards. It was really quite a relief to come back here this morning.'

'Well I'm afraid we haven't managed to avoid queues altogether,' said Wagstaff, 'but our "open till" system does make quite a difference.'

'It makes a lot of difference, Mr Wagstaff. And it's not the only one. In fact it's because Williams & Glyn's is so different that I came here in the first place. When I decided to change banks I asked my accountant, Jack Rogers, if there was really anything to choose between them. And he said: "Well, they all offer pretty much the same services, but if it's *service* you're after, I don't think you can beat Williams & Glyn's." And he was absolutely right. For personal service you're unbeatable in my opinion. You somehow manage to combine businesslike efficiency with a really friendly and informal atmosphere. It's a pleasure to bank with you, sir!'

'Well it's certainly a tonic to have you as a customer, Dr Barton. I don't know about four elbows, but with compliments like that it's a swollen head I'll have to worry about!'

WILLIAMS & GLYN'S BANK

WILLIAMS & GLYN'S AND CUSTOMER SERVICE

Although banks, perhaps inevitably, tend to offer similar services, new customers to Williams & Glyn's are often agreeably surprised to find some they may not have enjoyed elsewhere. Typical would be the 'open till' system to cut down counter queues. Also you can go into *any* Williams & Glyn's branch and ask for an instant statement, giving you the latest balance on your account and the details of recent transactions. And of course from many Williams & Glyn's branches you can get cash from outside dispensers. But most important of all we believe in keeping branches to a manageable size so that our managers and staff have *time* for their customers, and are able to provide the best possible personal service. A leaflet entitled *A Guide to Services for Personal Customers* is available from any Williams & Glyn's branch, or if you would care to write to the address below we'll gladly send you one.

If you would like to know more about the unique personal service that is such a feature of Williams & Glyn's, both for business and personal accounts, call in at your local branch, or write to: Marketing Development Office, Williams & Glyn's Bank Limited, New London Bridge House, London SE1 9SX.

Excavating the Ko Kradat wreck site

by Jeremy Green

During 1979 and 1980 a joint Thai-Australian group excavated a shipwreck off Thailand. The head of the Department of Maritime Archaeology in the Western Australian Maritime Museum discusses the light shed by their discoveries on the complex problem of south-east Asian ceramic traditions.

The Ko Kradat wreck site, named after a nearby island, was discovered in 1977 by a joint Thai-Danish expedition led by Dr Pensak Howitz. In 1979 Dr Howitz invited me to Thailand to conduct a maritime archaeology course at Silpakorn University, Bangkok. Part of this course was to be a field excavation to give the students practical experience, and the Ko Kradat site was selected because it lay in shallow water, which is ideal for training.

The wreck site lies off the northern end of Ko Kradat, one of the southernmost islands off the south-east coast of Thailand, close to the Cambodian border. The island is just over a mile long and about 163 feet high, and the palms of a coconut plantation are the main vegetation. A deserted holiday village and plantation workers' houses lie at the southern end on a sheltered bay.

The wreck site consists of a mound of ballast stones about 49 feet in diameter and standing 3 to 6 feet above the seabed. The ballast stones are boulders of black granite, ranging in size up to 10 inches in diameter. In the mound and scattered round the site were shards of large, coarse stoneware storage jars. These were identified as coming from the Sawankhalok kilns in north-central Thailand. The site lies near the edge of the island's coral fringing reef and the conclusion is that the ship had simply run aground and broken up on the reef.

In the first season I trained 10 students in maritime archaeological excavation techniques. The work was carried out from a Thai fishing vessel chartered from a nearby mainland fishing village. The trip to the wreck site took 20 minutes and it was possible to anchor above it and work directly from the boat. The initial phase was to survey the site and determine the extent of the ballast mound. Since the site was shallow—4½ feet—it was difficult to get an overview of it. A simple triangulation survey from an arbitrary base line enabled its extent to be plotted and this served as the main excavation site plan.

After the survey had been completed it was decided to run a trial trench through the centre of the site which, it was hoped, would enable us to determine its archaeological potential by taking a sample. The 6 foot wide trench

was delineated by two ropes set at right angles to the base line. A pair of 6 foot grid-squares was constructed; these could be laid down at either end of the trench to delineate regular grids for excavation. Two teams then systematically excavated the grid-squares, progressing across the trench to meet in the centre.

The first two squares were cleared of ballast stones, which were counted and, together with large coral spoil, were carted to dumps well away from the site. The large coarseware shards were collected into baskets and the loose sand was then hand-fanned off the grid-square, revealing large numbers of fineware shards and some complete stonewares. These were collected into numbered polythene bags. The first two grid-squares at either end of the trench having been excavated, the next pair and subsequent squares were excavated by back filling into the previously excavated squares. In this way the tedious carting of spoil was reduced to a minimum. By the end of the expedition, eight 6-foot grid-squares had been excavated and a count of the number of ballast stones from each square had been made. Finally 100 ballast stones selected at random were raised and weighed individually to determine the extent of the ballast.

The results of the 1979 excavation were encouraging. A large number of black underglaze and brown Sawankhalok ceramics had been recovered. Many pieces were intact and there was considerable variety in the styles and types, but more important was a fragment of a Chinese blue-and-white porcelain plate with an inscription enabling us to attribute it to the Chia Ching reign of the great Ming dynasty. The emperor Chia Ching reigned from 1522 to 1566 and, as the plate was buried well within the ballast mound, it was thus contemporaneous with the site.

With financial support from the Australian Department of Foreign Affairs a five-man Australian team collaborated with a six-man Thai team to complete the excavation in 1980. Use of a surface demand breathing system "hookah" for diving simplified the work and obviated the need for bulky diving



Students working in a grid square collecting artifacts from the wreck site.

tanks which take many hours to re-fill. With the "hookah", low pressure air is compressed on board the boat above the site and is pumped down to the divers below. The same technique of backfilling was used as during the first season, and the excavated material was backfilled into the old 1979 trench.

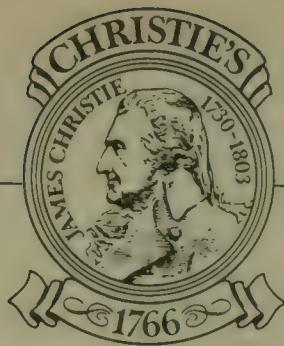
During the two seasons' work on the Ko Kradat wreck site a total of 25 days were spent on the island and 800 man-hours on the site. Over 66 complete artifacts and about 3,500 shards were recovered from 25 grid-squares. About 15 tonnes of ballast were removed.

The artifacts break down into several major groups. The main group was ceramics, consisting of Sawankhalok stonewares, earthenwares and Chinese blue-and-white porcelain. The Sawankhalok stonewares were both finewares and coarsewares, the finewares of either black underglaze or brown underglaze. The black underglaze material could be broken down into covered boxes with plain, lotus bud and mangosteen lids, and bases with and without foot rims; pear-shaped vases with brush-stroke decoration; and small jarlets with scalloped decoration. The brown underglaze material included jars with eared handles; jarlets with spotted decoration; and gourd-shaped jars with shoulder handles. The coarse Sawankhalok stonewares consisted of fragments of large storage jars about 18 inches high with lug handles and a distinctive neck. The earthenware included rice pots with a round base and a stamped decoration; and palm sugar-pot lids with lotus-bud handles. The Chinese blue-and-white porcelain included a number of decorated wares typical of the Chia Ching and Wan Li periods of the late 16th century. Four examples of bowls with inscriptions were found on the site. Some vestigial remains of the ship's structure were discovered consisting of fragile sections of outer planking, which showed the typical edge-joining of the planks with a series of dowels fastening them together edge to edge. The ballast stones proved to have an average weight of 3.5kg with a variation of ± 2.4 kg.

There has been much controversy over the dating of the end of the Sawankhalok pottery tradition. Both Sukhothai and Sawankhalok were thought to have been produced simultaneously, with the superior quality Sawankhalok material gradually replacing Sukhothai. Previously it was thought that the Sawankhalok kilns were destroyed in the Burmese raids at the end of the 15th century or at least during the Cheing-mai raids of the early 16th century. Proponents of this theory cite evidence from the accounts of 19th-century visitors to the area reporting that at least one kiln still had pottery in it, which implied that the potters must have abandoned the kiln during a raid.

However, it now seems that these accounts should be treated with some caution, and that they may have been muddled with a report of the nearby waster dumps. There has been growing evidence from outside Thailand that Sawankhalok dates from much later than even the Cheing-mai raids. The whole field is fraught with problems, particularly as it is extremely difficult to date these kiln sites. From the evidence of the Ko Kradat wreck site we have clearly established a date at least as late as the second half of the 16th century for the typical Sawankhalok finewares. The ceramics were clearly cargo, as several examples of the covered boxes had their lids fused to their bases by the glaze: the boxes were fired with their lids on and transported empty. These small ceramics were widely exported throughout south-east Asia and quantities have turned up at the Calatagan excavations in the Philippines.

One problem in interpreting the site is the large quantity of ballast. By estimation there are at least 35 tonnes of it, indicating that the weight of the ceramic cargo was at least comparable with the weight of the ballast. The explanation may be either that the ship had discharged its main cargo and taken on ballast, or that it was carrying a light, perishable cargo, such as rice, which required ballast, and that this has now disappeared.



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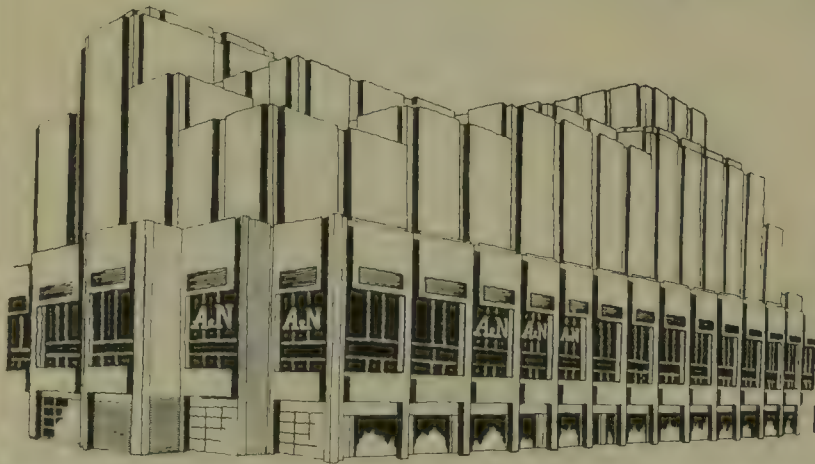
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A week in Andalucia

by David Tennant

According to legend when Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Granada was forced to leave his native city, Granada, he paused on the pass over the Sierra, looked back and wept. Today the spot is known as the Puerto del Suspiro or *el ultimo suspiro del Moro*, the Pass of the Moor's Last Sigh, and you can understand his feelings, even nearly 500 years later, especially thinking of the Alhambra. This is a uniquely magnificent complex of palaces and fortresses, gardens and courtyards, a royal city within a city, built mainly by Nasrite dynasty monarchs in the 14th and 15th centuries. Its comparatively simple but massively impressive exterior, crowning a low hill in the centre of Granada, gives only a hint of the exquisite beauty within. Here is all that is best in Moorish-Arab architecture and design.

The Court of the Lions, so called from its fountain whose basin is supported by a dozen marble lions, is possibly the most renowned and certainly the most photographed of the buildings. But the Palace of the Comares, whose long, rectangular pool is like a giant mirror, the Hall of the Ambassadors, the Tower of the Captive Woman and the simpler Partal Palace are all equally beautiful.

The Alhambra is a place of rare appeal and remarkable tranquillity, although much of its history is that of treachery, conspiracy and bloodshed. The entrance fee is a modest £1.10 at present rates of exchange, and the guide book on sale at the kiosk is a useful *vade-mecum*. But arrive at the Alhambra as soon as it opens at 10am if you wish to beat the crowds.

Last spring I undertook a leisurely week-long fly-drive tour around part of Andalucia, staying mainly in *paradores*, those state-owned and state-operated hotels and inns which have been part of the Spanish tourist scene for many years. The well planned package was put together by the London-based company OTA/Mundi Color which has close links with Iberia, the Spanish national airline.

My stop-over points were Malaga, staying at the Parador Gibralfaro (where there are panoramic views over the port); the interesting old city of Jaen in the north of Andalucia; and Granada and Torremolinos where the modern Parador del Golf is right on the beach, with the golf course next door and the airport of Malaga only a few minutes' drive away. Of the *paradores* the Santa Catalina at Jaen was undoubtedly the most memorable, for it is an extension of the medieval castle there, sited some 600 feet above the city. Its vaulted dining room and huge, stone-roofed lounge might have been designed for a romantic tale of the Middle Ages, although its bedrooms were down-to-earth and

well equipped. The food and service, I regret to say, were disappointing.

Not least of the advantages of this tour is that you can choose your own route between stopping places, although a detailed suggested itinerary is supplied: and at the various bases you are free to do as you please. At Jaen, for example, after exploring the city and its huge Renaissance cathedral I drove about 35 miles north-east through seemingly endless olive groves to Ubeda. This is a charming small town filled with picturesque old buildings and radiating that easy-going atmosphere so characteristic of Andalucia away from the better-known tourist haunts. Here I lunched in a restaurant which was officially closed but rapidly re-opened just for me and my companion. The three-course meal with wine and coffee cost £5 for two.

Throughout most of my 500 miles the scenery was beautiful. Particularly impressive was the main road south from Jaen towards Granada, which traversed two 3,500 foot passes and then went east along a signposted scenic route skirting the Sierra Harana to join the main Almeria-Granada road a few miles from Guadix. Bald, red and rust-tinted rocks alternated with lush olive groves, and herds of sheep and goats grazed contentedly.

This thoroughly enjoyable week showed me that away from the coastal resorts Spain represents remarkably good value, especially in its restaurants. In the long-established *Ristorante Sevilla* in Granada, not far from the cathedral and rated first-class, an excellent dinner with a good Rioja wine and exceedingly large brandies came to about £11.50 for two.

As the summers in southern Spain are hot, sometimes oppressively so, I would avoid July and August for a touring holiday. From September into November the weather is generally reliable with warm, sunny days and cooler evenings, and by the beginning of October the crowds have gone. April and May are equally appealing. These *parador* touring holidays are for 10 or 11 nights and include the flights from London to Malaga and back, a self-drive car with unlimited mileage, full insurance and detailed itineraries (Iberia are using the Airbus on this route). With *demi-pension* at the *paradores* the current cost for two people travelling together is between £281 and £369 per person. Mundi Color are also offering similar holidays in Castile with flights to Madrid, and in eastern Catalonia based on Barcelona airport. They operate to the end of October when a winter programme takes over with Valencia as the starting point.

Spanish National Tourist Office, 57 St James's Street, London SW1 (tel: 01-499 0901). OTA/Mundi Color Travel, 276 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1V 1BE (tel: 01-834 3492).

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TRAVEL

In and around Eilat

by Adrienne Keith Cohen

It was a bold vision which inspired the idea that a mere 11 kilometres of coast, backed by mountain wilderness and flanked by hostile borders, was promising material for an international resort. In Israel, however, you soon get used to such improbable schemes and readily accept the proposition that you need only rake back the coastline, channel it into lagoons and yacht marinas, beaches and inlets, line them with hotels and beach clubs, camping sites and restaurants, bring along boats and water skis and diving gear—and you have a holiday centre.

Eilat did not, perhaps, quite "just grow" like that. But once the 1956 Sinai campaign had secured a passage for Israeli shipping through the narrow Gulf of Aqaba, it was not long before a scruffy little harbour with attendant prefab housing began to be transformed into a resort which has grown and grown and shows no signs of stopping. Though now divided by the airport from the residential area, the resort possesses a civic pride in its lawns and palm trees, its paved-over promenades leading to restaurants and shopping complexes, its beaches piled with fine sand, its wash-rooms, showers and changing rooms, its lifeguard services, and its car parks.

It was Israeli acumen which first suggested that the Gulf, crammed with coral reefs as rich in exotic fish and marine flora as any in the world, would be perfect for diving schools and commercial fishing businesses, with instruction in aquatic sports of every kind. In the euphoric years after the 1967 war these also spread along the Sinai coastal strip, but the major enterprises developed in Eilat. The diving club at Coral Beach on the south side of the coast, for instance, is very rewarding and those who lack the wind or the will to make a deep underwater inspection at close quarters can go to the Coral World Underwater Observatory.

Perhaps the biggest attraction of Eilat is that those who merely want to watch are quite as welcome as the active participants. At Rafi Nelson's beach club at Taba, a few miles south of Eilat, at any time of day you will find food, drink and chit-chat for the idle, and you can take an occasional dip in the seductive waters of the Gulf, while others master more energetic aquatic skills. Hot, dry days continuing right through the autumn, with sea temperatures that rarely fall below 77°F (25°C), are among Eilat's obvious attractions.

It is worth a day of anybody's time to drive out past Coral Island and head south along the coastal strip to Sharm el Sheikh at the top of the Sinai peninsula, which Israel will hand back to Egypt next April. Even now the little *moshavs* (farms and holiday villages) and commercial fishing settlements are being

abandoned, but there is drama still in the great mountain ranges rising sheer from the shores beside the narrow waters of the Gulf of Aqaba.

The truly spectacular scenery though, demands a desert car. It bursts upon you almost as soon as you leave the last town building in the north of Eilat and plunge into the Negev, a world of incredible canyons and vast, flat, moon valleys that seem to go on for ever. Without an expert guide to train the novice eye, you would doubt that life exists there, or ever has. But scramble through a canyon and you may find yourself in some ancient caravanserai where traders rested their animals and scratched graffiti on the soft stone face to while away the time a few millennia ago. You will also learn quite soon to penetrate the desert camouflage of gazelles and hares and flocks of birds that thrive in startling numbers in this remote terrain—and spot the clump of vegetation that indicates a spring where they will congregate.

The Dead Sea is no bad second choice for spectacle, and sunset "at the bottom of the world" is as dramatic as it sounds. The statutory dip, to prove you cannot sink, demands a fairly lengthy walk on well protected feet before you can be sure that your bottom is clear of that of the Dead Sea. To settle earlier can be a painful lesson in the cutting edge of salt.

Here again you are surrounded by stunning, naked mountain ranges, reds shading into pinks. Set in the desert landscape, nearby Masada serves as a haunting reminder of the history that has shaped this small area of the world in the name of many gods. The monuments and shrines of Islam, Judaism and Christianity can easily overwhelm the visitor of any faith, or none. But who would willingly forego Jerusalem, Galilee or the Jordan Valley?

An inclusive holiday is the simplest way to see this astonishing land. Many British travel companies offer these, with a wide range of facilities and arrangements, some using scheduled flights, others on special charters. Twickenham Travel, for example, with their Jaffa Tours offer everything from a week in Jerusalem for around £260 to a seven-day *de luxe* coach tour costing from £335 to £360. In Eilat a week with bed and breakfast or half board costs between £254 and £386, two weeks from £316 to £494. All prices include travel from and to London. The current Advance Booking Excursion fare to Tel Aviv is £215 allowing a stay of six days to two months with a pre-booking period of at least 14 days. Flights are by British Airways and El Al.

Israel Government Tourist Office, 18 Great Marlborough Street, London W1V 1AF (tel: 01-434 3651). Twickenham Travel, 84 Hampton Road, Twickenham, Middx TW2 5QS (tel: 01-898 8351).

England's green heart

by Ursula Robertshaw

Administratively, Rutland ceased to exist in 1974 and, despite vigorous protests from its residents, became engulfed by Leicestershire. But, as we discovered during the course of a weekend last spring, Rutland is still very much alive and full of personality; even the "Rutland" county signs, which it was at first intended to remove and replace by "Leicestershire" ones, are still there and are being renewed in their original form.

Rutland used to be England's smallest county. Measuring only about 15 miles from north to south and about the same from east to west, it is in shape roughly like a bear-skin rug, with the river Welland forming its southern boundary, Leicestershire to the west, Northamptonshire to the south and Lincolnshire to the east and north.

Oakham, the old county town, is compact, bustling and attractive. It has an octagonal butter cross in the tiny market place, under which the Women's Institute stall was sheltering from the rain at the Saturday market; there were many other stalls crammed with local produce, fresh and tempting. The local lord of the manor still collects tolls from the stallholders and the stocks which are displayed in the market might be taken as a warning by those considering dodging payment or selling inferior produce.

We spent a pleasant morning in this busy little town. We walked round the ruined walls of the old castle and visited the Norman hall, open from April to October, where there is a collection of over 200 presentation horseshoes, resulting from the custom of levying a horseshoe for the lord of the manor from every peer who passed through the town. We potted around several antique shops and spent some time in All Saints Church, asterisked by Betjeman as exceptionally attractive. It has a beautiful 14th-century limestone tower and spire which dominate the town, and arcades with intricate, foliar capitals.

This was just one of the fine Rutland churches we "collected" over the weekend; others were at Clipsham, where there is a most unusual broach spire; at Brooke, where the church is like a sleeping beauty, so quiet that you go on tiptoe to look at the Elizabethan screen, benches and stalls and at the Renaissance coloured tomb of Charles Noel; and at Exton, where there are nine important monuments, including one by Nicholas Johnson and another by Grinling Gibbons.

One of Rutland's most prominent features is Rutland Water, a huge lake as large as Windermere created by flooding the valley of the river Gwash. Besides its main function of supplying water to the east Midlands, it has been developed into a fine recreational facility. Along its 24 mile perimeter are waterside footpaths, bridleways, a sail-

ing centre, good fishing, and a nature reserve, part of which is open to the public, well populated with waterfowl. There are even hides for birdwatchers.

Dipping its toes at the water's edge is all that remains of Normanton church; it has a baroque-style tower and a semi-circular portico and was built by the two Thomas Cundys in 1826-29 to serve a Palladian mansion pulled down after the last war; the bulk of the church went even earlier, in 1911. Now it provides shade for picnickers and its tower a focal point for photographers.

Rutland was a surprise to us. We were not prepared for its greenness, its lack of industrialization, the unselfconscious beauty of its villages, and its superb vernacular architecture, quite as lovely as that of the Cotswolds but without any tarted-up chichi. The main building materials are golden-brown marlstone, and oolitic limestones which range in colour from honey through pink to all shades of grey; and for roofing, thin slabs of brown limestone from Colley Weston, jewelled with the chrome and silver of lichen.

The countryside is undramatic but quietly beautiful, with rolling, gentle hills, narrow country roads and low hedges. There is little traffic; once off the A606 and the A6003 we hardly met another car. And there are plenty of delightful walks; the Information Bureau at 12, Bishop Street, Leicester, has two books of detailed rambles varying in length from about 3 miles upwards.

We spent our weekend on a narrow peninsula jutting out into Rutland Water, at Hambleton Hall. This house was the centre of a lively group of socialites in the 1930s and 40s; one guest was Noël Coward, who wrote one of his plays there—it is not recorded which, but a nearby village is Essendine, the name of the leading character in *Present Laughter*.

Hambleton Hall, an attractive gabled mansion, was built in 1881 for a man called William Marshall, of whom little is known; the architect is not recorded, but Marshall's motto, *say ce que voudra*, carved over the entrance, nicely sums up the philosophy of the present owner and his wife, Tim and Stella Hart. With the help of a chef trained at Maxim's to produce rich and imaginative menus, interior decorations carried out by Nina Campbell and the highest standards of comfort and service, they have created a hotel of luxury and style in an area deficient in such things. It is not cheap—room rates are between £34 and £60 a night, including Continental breakfast, service and VAT—but Hambleton Hall is an ideal centre for exploring the little-known delights of the green heart of England.

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by Herbert Butterfield
Eyre Methuen, £12.50

Sir Herbert Butterfield, who died in 1979 at the age of 78, was one of the great historians of the 20th century. He was also one of the few who not only wrote distinguished and perceptive historical studies but thought deeply about historiography—the history of history. This can be perilous. One always has to guard against the fate of the centipede. “The Centipede was happy quite Until the Toad in fun Said ‘Pray which leg goes after which?’ She lay distracted in the ditch Considering how to run.”

A historian who thinks too much about why he ought to write history may easily end in not writing any at all. But Sir Herbert was not a centipede and one hopes that there were no toads in Peterhouse, the College over which he urbanely presided for many years. His deep thought about the nature of historiography did not preclude him from producing his own important contributions to diplomatic and political history. However, in the last 20 years of his long life he became more and more interested in discovering when, why and how particular nations or regions came to be interested in their history. As the editor of this book puts it, “By what stages, in which civilizations did men’s ideas about the past move towards history as a fully self-explanatory system of cause and effect? Why was this concept of the past which excluded chance and divine intervention something that has been finally achieved only in the West?”

Professor Adam Watson, to whom Lady Butterfield entrusted her husband’s manuscripts and notes, has had to do a good deal of editorial work, especially for the later part of the book. The writing, however, is all Butterfield’s, though one cannot say to what extent he would have revised it before it went to press. The editor surmises that he would certainly have written a chapter on Islamic, just as he actually did on Chinese, historiography—and Islamic history would have been a highly topical subject just now. He also, surely, would have expanded and clarified the last few chapters which look as if they had been hastily written and not fully thought out. It is odd, too, to find the names of neither Gibbon nor Carlyle in the index of a book with this title.

This is not to deny that it is worth publishing. On the contrary, although it lacks consistency and coherence it is full of ingenious ideas and interesting suggestions. The earliest history, he says, comes from the annals of the pre-classical civilizations, Egypt and Mesopo-

tamia, but it was not really history in the sense of the word today. It was a series of records—contemporary history—preserved for particular, practical purposes. Butterfield reconstructs with marvellous learning and perceptive imagination the mentality of those who dwelt by the Nile and Euphrates. He goes on to point out that what they recorded were the materials for future history, not history itself. Then came an extraordinary change—the historiography of the people of Israel. “There emerges a people not only supremely conscious of the past but possibly more obsessed with history than any other nation that has ever existed.” The reason, he suggests, may be that the Jews, unlike other peoples, had a religion which was tied to a past and not to a place. Hence the obsession with such episodes as the Exodus and the Exile, although they may well not have taken place in the form hallowed by folk memory—or even occurred at all.

Then came the Greeks, said to be the first real historians. Herodotus has been proclaimed for century after century as “the father of history”. He has also been called “the father of lies”. Josephus, the great Jewish historian of the first century AD, would have none of this praise of the Greeks. “Those nations which are called Barbarians” were, he said, better at transmitting the history of ancient times. In general he was right but there were exceptions and, as Butterfield says, Herodotus and Thucydides did “achieve for the first time what we can recognize as the writing of a history... with an insight and an understanding which many modern scholars consider has not been surpassed”. Butterfield follows with a fascinating chapter on the Chinese tradition of historical writing—something which developed, as far as we know, entirely independently of anything in western Asia on the eastern Mediterranean. Hegel wrote a century ago that “no other people has had a series of historical writers succeeding one another in so close continuity as the Chinese”. This fact is not generally appreciated in the West, and one can only wish that the author could have said more about it.

We then move to more familiar ground over which Butterfield travels more rapidly. Himself a strong and devout Christian he somehow does not succeed in explaining Christian historiography. Professor Watson makes the point that his openness of mind on historical evidence was facilitated by “his belief in a Christ whose kingdom is not of this world”. He could thus avoid “the worship of abstract nouns” which were much worse than graven images. This is no doubt correct, but it does not emerge very clearly in Butterfield’s book, which is a fascinating hotchpotch of thoughts, ideas and oblique illuminations but which leaves one at the end with a vague sense of incompleteness and of something more to be said. It is sad that the author did not live long enough to say it.

Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

A Confederacy of Dunces
by John Kennedy Toole
Allen Lane, £7.95, King Penguin, £2.50
The Orchid Trilogy
by Jocelyn Brooke
Secker & Warburg, £9.95, King Penguin, £2.95
A Start in Life
by Anita Brookner
Jonathan Cape, £5.95

In the late 1960s John Kennedy Toole committed suicide because he could not get his novel published. He was 32. For years after her son’s death, his mother hawked his manuscript around until she managed to persuade the novelist Walter Percy to read it, insisting it was a great novel. To his amazement he discovered she was right.

It is like no other novel I can think of. Its central character Ignatius Reilly rates with Don Quixote as one of literature’s unforgettable creations. Slothful, vastly fat, flatulent, self-dramatizing, Ignatius sees himself as a seer and philosopher “cast into a hostile century” by forces beyond his control. Others, by and large, see him as a mentally deranged fat man especially conspicuous because of the green hunting cap he always wears. His mother refers to him as her “child” although he is over 30, an immense cuckoo of an infant, who lives off his dim-witted mother, tyrannizing and manipulating her from the back bedroom of their New Orleans house.

John Kennedy Toole lived with his mother until he was over 30. He, like Ignatius, was working on a book (this one). He dwells with fascinated loathing on the pretensions, the physical defects, the delusions of his mock hero.

With the help of Ignatius the author satirizes the modern world. Although the novel was written in the early 60s the complaints ring true today. A medievalist, royalist and thorough reactionary in spite of his own extraordinary appearance and behaviour, Ignatius bitterly resents all kinds of people, in particular the flesh-creeping female political and sexual campaigner always looking for causes to fight for. Her psychoanalysis of Ignatius drives him into paroxysms of fury against the idiocies of Freud. Every evening he goes to the cinema where he watches with horrified delight the “abominations”, the “excesses”, while consuming large quantities of popcorn and snorting abuse at the actors, actresses, composers, directors, even the hair stylists.

At his mother’s insistence Ignatius eventually billows onto the job market of New Orleans and causes trouble wherever he takes his mammoth frame and mandarin turn of phrase. He leads an uprising in a factory, to his mother’s

shame becomes a hot-dog seller, and even tries to become a political campaigner. As the hilarious plot rolls on, the Bartholomew Fair of brilliantly drawn grotesques cavort to the reader’s increasing delight. A stripper, an accident-prone policeman, a negro doorman, a Jewish industrialist with a dreadful do-gooding wife, a bewildered old lady, a pornographer, all are described with a rare zest and gusto. Their fates—frequently threatened by the misbehaviour of Ignatius—are by the end improved, in the very best comic tradition, by his interventions.

Like Baron Corvo, another paranoid with illusions of grandeur, Ignatius sees himself as a genius among fools. He refers to “the grandeur of my physique, the complexity of my worldview, the decency and taste implicit in my carriage, the grace with which I function in the mire of today’s world”. In the light of John Kennedy Toole’s failure to have his novel accepted for publication in the 60s and its enormous critical and popular acclaim now, its title is especially noteworthy. It is derived from Swift: “When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.”

Jocelyn Brooke’s *The Orchid Trilogy* is, by contrast, rambling, lyrical and crammed with the pleasures of the English countryside. The first volume of the long out of print fictionalized autobiography, *The Military Orchid*, was first published in 1948, the second, *A Mine of Serpents*, in 1949 and the third, *The Goose Cathedral*, in 1951. Jocelyn Brooke’s life was not especially dramatic. Childhood and its myths provide the heart to the trilogy. Again and again his narrator Jenkins returns to that lost world, to long golden summers, to hot mornings spent wandering in search of orchids, to his obsession with fireworks (a *Mine of Serpents* is a firework) and with botany, in particular the rare *Military Orchid*. His adult life and those he meets in it are grey and dull compared with the heroes and myths of his childhood near Folkestone. Soldiering in Italy and the Middle East, studying at Oxford in the 20s, attempting to become a businessman, all this comes to life only when he is describing the flora and fauna around him. Natural beauty evokes in him nostalgia, and it is nostalgia which gives this trilogy its extraordinary charm. When he writes of “the cottage garden, drowsing among its trees, the tea-table laid in the shade, the buzzing of wasps busy among the fallen plums” it is hard not to feel, with Brooke, nostalgic for that elusive world of summer childhood.

A Start in Life, a first novel by Anita Brookner, tells of a woman who lives her life according to the morality of literature, believing that good will be rewarded. She ends up looking after her vain, alcoholic mother and realizing that life does not obey the rules of 19th-century literature. A strange and disturbing book, well worth reading.

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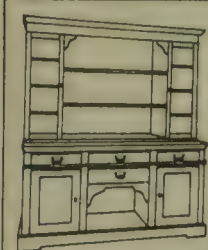
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Acquiring a taste

by J. C. Trewin

Some plays have to be an acquired taste, though they are not always long enough on view for the taste to be acquired. I suppose *Barnum* might be one—it seems fairly certain that it will still be at the Palladium next year.

This is an American musical about Phineas Taylor Barnum, the pleasant humbug, as he calls himself, who during the 19th century was a resolutely versatile impresario. His choices went from George Washington's nanny, though no one could really have believed in her, to General Tom Thumb, the elephant Jumbo and, surprisingly, the "Swedish nightingale", Jenny Lind.

There were a good many other things and people as well; but Barnum, the man responsible for all this, the monarch of show business, was not really an exciting personage, and Mark Bramble, who has written the libretto, cannot persuade us that he was. This task is left to the actor, Michael Crawford. He has a thoroughly energetic evening with some circus feats thrown in: during one he walks the high wire towards Jenny Lind, welcoming in her box. Still, adaptable as Mr Crawford is, he finds himself inevitably overwhelmed by the method of the pro-

duction which is to enclose the Barnum story within a continuously active circus. That, under Peter Coe's direction, is elaborately managed. It is for individual playgoers to decide whether they are more interested in circus turns or in Barnum, and I rather believe that the circus will win.

For years, though revivals have been too rare, *The Shoemakers' Holiday* has been a taste relishingly acquired. I hope current audiences in the Olivier Theatre of the National will acquire it too. John Dexter's production is a detailed treatment of Thomas Dekker's comedy of London life, period 1415, written at the very tail of the 16th century. Most of its people are shoemakers, men of the Gentle Craft employed by Simon Eyre, than whom there can be no more redoubtable word-fancier in Elizabethan drama. "Sim Eyre," he says, "knows how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tamburlaine an he were here, and shall I melt, shall I droop before my sovereign?" He does not; as Lord Mayor of London he and King Henry V, who arrives to grace the comedy's last 20 minutes with a good many fluent couplets, are rapidly on the best of terms.

It is a pleasure to observe Alfred Lynch and, as the King, David Yelland in these parts, just as, in another mood, we are touched by Dekker's handling of

the scenes for a journeyman crippled in France and his rediscovered wife: Peter Lovstrom and Emily Morgan are quietly right. Throughout the play Brenda Bruce as Dame Margery, with her catchphrase, "But let that pass", is the soul of comedy.

But nothing would induce me to see *Having a Ball!* (Lyric, Hammersmith) for a second time. Let me say only that after the opening 15 minutes the kind of Donald McGill jesting exposed in "a private clinic specializing in social and cosmetic surgery in the North West of England" looked likely to go on for ever. The clinic's main task is vasectomy; the dramatist, Alan Bleasdale, is too readily assured that all watchers will find this funny. Without preparation, in the last 10 minutes the dramatist switches his play into a parable about the nuclear bomb; by then it is far too late to be serious. The Lyric company, directed by Alan Dossor, worked furiously and, it was clear, to many people's enjoyment.

I never thought the day would come to write tepidly about *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Shaw's doctors would certainly have been a blessing at *Having a Ball!* Yet at Greenwich, and in spite of Alan Strachan's acute production—the cast could have been better but not the director's authority—I did feel, for the

first time in my own memory, that Shaw's text was growing dangerously rubbed. The first act, in particular, repeats itself sadly; and, though the second act on the terrace of the Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond lifts the heart as it usually must, the piece curiously dies away. At Greenwich one delight could not be dismissed: "B.B.", Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington, as acted by James Cossins, was a joy, a portrait of the blandest majestic complacency.

In 1981 *Billy Bishop Goes to War* (Comedy Theatre) may be a title to bewilder the casual passer-by, though William Avery Bishop, greatest of flying aces, belongs to the legend of the First World War. He was a Canadian. A Canadian actor, Eric Peterson, now presents him—and, it would seem, everyone and everything he met during the war years, including his own aircraft—with a blithe, quick readiness. John Gray, author and director, is at the piano in a fruitful collaboration.

Luckily in this eccentric summer the Open Air Theatre had two entirely tranquil premières. Both *The Comedy of Errors*, which has had sometimes to be an acquired taste, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, done in the modes of 1920 or so, filled the stage to admiration. Kate O'Mara's Beatrice, wittily pointed, established herself at once.

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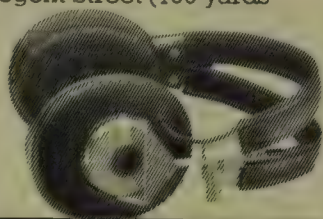
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CINEMA

Truffaut's tolerance

by Michael Billington

It is easy to see why François Truffaut's *The Last Metro* has been such a huge success in its native France (where it won 10 César Awards) and in America. It is a backstage story set in Paris in 1942; it has an element of mystery and adventure with a German-Jewish director hiding from the Nazis in the cellars of his own theatre; and it has two popular, good-looking stars in Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu. It also completely ducks most of the moral issues raised by its story (at what point, for instance, does an actor become a collaborator by the mere act of performing?). But that is not going to keep people away from a compulsively watchable movie.

If Truffaut has a general point to make it is that the dedicated artist goes on working whatever the circumstances. Above ground in the bijou Théâtre Montmartre Marion Steiner (Catherine Deneuve) forges ahead with the production of a terrible-looking Norwegian play while running the building, ministering to the needs of her secreted husband and surreptitiously falling for her co-star (Gérard Depardieu). She also has to cope with a gross, epicene drama critic who is a rabidly anti-Semitic, pro-German apologist. But although the film is intended as a tribute to the troupers, the real artist is the cellar-bound director (Heinz Bennent). It is he who listens to rehearsals through an air-vent and gives his wife notes for the actors. And it is he who, when plans for escape fall through, starts devising a new production of *The Magic Mountain*, even drawing up designs on a blackboard.

All that is fine. And there is much about the film that is instantly beguiling: the period detail with girls painting their legs brown for lack of nylons, the unspoken love affair that develops in the course of an emotionally heated play, the protective cameraderie of backstage life in which a lesbian relationship between the costume designer and a soubrette is taken very much for granted. But Truffaut time and again touches on disquieting issues without ever exploring them. For instance, Marion Steiner (and she is typical of the theatre-folk of Occupied Paris) has to give guarantees that she will not employ any Jews: indeed her actors have to sign forms saying they have no Jewish antecedents. How, in such circumstances, can one pay simple-minded tribute to the actors of Occupied Paris? It is not even true to say they had no choice. A famous actress at the Comédie-Française, Béatrice Bretty, left a promising career to live in North Africa in conditions of great poverty. At the other extreme, the late Jacques Charon used to recall the period of Occupation as "Oh les beaux jours." Truffaut, however,

glosses over such contradictions.

What makes the film worth seeing is the fluency of the direction and the sheer quality of the acting. Deneuve has never been better: a beautiful iceberg with vast reserves of passion under the surface. Depardieu brings his usual massive virility on to the screen. I just wish Truffaut's universal compassion did not sometimes look like a lazy tolerance.

There is not much humanity and compassion, however, to be found in the latest James Bond epic, *For Your Eyes Only*. The whole film is really a cavalcade of stunts in the air, under water, on bobsleigh runs and on rock-faces. Indeed Roger Moore as Bond is really the front-man for a vast back-up team of 49 who carry out all the heroic physical work which includes clinging to helicopters, plunging off mountains, turning over cars and being hauled through underwater debris. The plot is something to do with an attempt to recover a British electronic surveillance device which has sunk in the Aegean. But what really matters is the heart-in-mouth spectacle. The only trouble is it gets a little wearing.

As always, I hunger for the days when Bond films combined story and spectacle: as always, I shall be confounded by the box-office.

On a rather humbler level, the British cinema has lately come up with a real talent in the shape of a young Scot, Bill Forsyth, who has had two films simultaneously on display in London. *Gregory's Girl*, set in Cumbernauld New Town, is a fresh, funny, unsentimental account of the pangs of despised adolescent love: the lanky, acneyed, unhackneyed hero falls in love with the striking striker in the school football team, who just happens to be a girl. Mr Forsyth clearly remembers what young love is like, and he captures its pains and pleasures with true feeling. Even more remarkable is Forsyth's *That Sinking Feeling*, made a couple of years back on a shoestring budget, which shows a group of unemployed Glaswegian teenagers joining forces to rob a factory of stainless steel sink units. Both films, made with actors from the Glasgow Youth Theatre, are about sexual uncertainty, adolescent outsiderishness and unfocused raw energy; and they suggest that we have in Mr Forsyth a filmmaker who, given encouragement and opportunity, may be a major talent.

Not even one cheer, however, for *The Antagonists*, which is a two-hour cinema reduction of an American eight-hour TV series about the siege of Masada by the occupying Roman forces. Peter O'Toole barks his way through the role of Flavius Silva; a lot of British actors look slightly unhappy as Roman soldiers; and the dialogue contains such gems as, "There's Rubrius Gallus, the old siege-master himself." Somehow, it seems a waste of good celluloid ●

Glyndebourne's Dream

by Margaret Davies

The first night of the new Glyndebourne production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was one of those rare occasions when the opera, the place, the singers, conductor, producer and designer combined to create a performance of such enchantment that it will remain permanently etched on the memory. It was as though the magic at work on the stage had filtered through the gauze which enclosed the world of Britten and Shakespeare to work its potent spells on the audience and heighten their responses to this bewitching opera. Even the weather—an unusually fine Midsummer's Day—added its benevolent co-operation.

If it is astonishing that a work so peculiarly suited to Glyndebourne had taken so long to reach the festival—it was the first Britten opera to be given there since the world premières of *The Rape of Lucretia* and *Albert Herring* in 1946 and 1947—it came as no surprise that a producer well versed in Shakespeare and as sensitive to musical characterization as Peter Hall should delve beneath the surface to reveal the distinctly sinister aspect of the poet's fairy world which is also patently audible in the score.

Oberon, authoritatively sung by James Bowman, his voice infused with chilling venom as he raged against Puck, was the dominant figure, garbed in Elizabethan court dress but with a shock of silvery hair standing bolt upright and pointed ears that belonged to another world. The bewildered quartet of lovers were manipulated by fairy tricks as Puck swung back and forth over their heads on a trapeze until their confusion bordered on madness. Even the forest, first seen still and slumbering in the misty half-light, took on a life of its own as the trees and bushes, each one supported by a just discernible human figure, glided slowly and smoothly across the stage to form and dissolve thickets and clearings and baffle the fleeing and pursuing humans. And its perpetual darkness against the changing sky made it a place of mystery.

The firm, muscular playing which the conductor, Bernard Haitink, drew from the London Philharmonic Orchestra supported the producer's serious treatment of the magical elements in the work. It also gave added depth to the lover's exchanges. The quarrel between Helena and Hermia achieved a rare intensity, and the casting of Felicity Lott as Helena (the tall one) and Cynthia Buchan as a particularly spirited Hermia (the short one) lent conviction to their exchange of insults. With Ryland Davies as a mellifluous Lysander and Dale Duesing as a ringing Demetrius, the four voices were interwoven in a beautifully sung quartet of reconciliation as each one finds his or her true lover.

The third group of characters, the rustics, received equal consideration in this production in that they were treated with gentle affection, not gayed. They were headed by Curt Appelgren as a richly sung and roundly characterized Bottom, whose expansive personality and stature made him a natural leader of the fumbling, well-intentioned band. In a splendidly realistic ass's head, which in no way muffled his singing, he carried off the scene with Tytania and her four attendants with great charm. Tytania herself, strongly, if almost too warmly, sung by Ileana Cotrubas, had the same slightly alarming appearance as Oberon; she was certainly as far as the designer John Bury could get from the traditional idea of a fairy queen. His invention slightly dried up in the final scene in Theseus's palace, a bare, prosaic interior furnished with chairs and a brazier, though his setting of the rustics' play on a raised platform worked well and it was deftly produced with a show-stealing Thisbe from Patrick Power.

A final word for the nimble, earthy Puck of Damien Nash, a diminutive 13-year-old with a striking presence and considerable acrobatic skill.

Commercial Union, sponsoring their first production at the festival can feel that their investment was a sound one.

The return to Glyndebourne after 20 years' absence of *Il barbiere di Siviglia* marked the début of the French conductor Sylvain Cambreling, whose measured tempi encouraged immaculate playing from the LPO, and the performance was crowned by a dazzling Rosina from Maria Ewing who combined virtuoso singing with an irresistible talent to amuse and an innate sense of timing. Great eyes and a huge curving mouth gave rise to a rich gamut of facial expressions which complemented vocal agility and accuracy and the range of dramatic colour in her singing. "Una voce poco fa" left no doubt that she would overcome all opposition.

Her partner in intrigue, John Rawnley, was a generous-voiced Figaro, rather relentlessly aggressive in "Largo al factotum" but an engaging rascal, bursting with impudent self-confidence. Their first-act duet was finely judged and pointed the way to the inevitable outwitting of Claudio Desderi's more than usually acute Bartolo whose aria "A un dottore" was powerfully projected. Though strained in the more florid passages of Almaviva's "Ecco ridente" Max-René Cosotti later produced some meltingly beautiful singing and handled the Count's disguises with a nice sense of the ridiculous. All of which added up to an expertly disciplined production by John Cox. William Dudley's designs, once rid of an obtrusive canopy depicting the Seville skyline, provided pleasing interiors and a hint of life in the city beyond. This production was the fifth to be sponsored by Imperial Tobacco at Glyndebourne.

On the Left Bank

by John Morgan

Confronted with the multitudinous cafés available in Paris, I took the poet's advice and looked for the general in the particular, staying in a small hotel, and seeing how the eating was within walking distance.

The street was the rue de Seine which reaches from the Boulevard St Germain to the river on the Left Bank. Markets crowd it, vegetables and fish are abundant. I bought strawberries at 40p a pound. And on the corner a guitarist from Liverpool sang "When I take my sugar to tea", accompanied by a brilliant young man, Bernard Lier, on clarinet, which I succeeded in applauding while finishing my strawberries, before stepping into Le Muniche, a restaurant I have known over the years.

To enter you walk past a barricade of oysters. Gilt mirrors and an abundance of linen and waiters mark it. If you book early you might find a place in what are more small carriages than cubicles along the walls; but Le Muniche is generally comfortable, if usually crowded. Since it was the one restaurant I visited that has an enormous menu with a remarkable range I decided the only way to do it justice was to eat there twice. Only in this way, it seemed to me, could I convey quite what Paris has to offer for what could be regarded as a reasonable price, that is, somewhere between the simpler and cheaper but, as we shall see, still attractive places, and the grand hotels or the truly extravagant where you might expect to pay £40 a head. Equally, not to be hypocritical, I enjoyed going there twice.

The first time I had half a dozen Bélon oysters, fresh from Brittany, at £3; and the second the fish soup, as rich and various as can be at £1.80. Bear in mind that the rate of exchange while I was there was 11.20 francs to the pound. The specialties of the house are a *Confit de canard* at £5 and a *Foie de veau* which is prepared for two at £8. Very popular is the *Choucroute (canard, filet de porc, saucisse)* at £5 and it is held to be the thing they do best. I chose to have the *Choucroute aux poissons* at £4. Skate and burbot and, I think, sole, were the fish, with herb sauce.

On my other visit I was bolder. I ordered *Queue et oreille de cochon grillées*. This dish was less than £2 for a reason that was quickly apparent: if you want to satisfy a hunger, ears and tails of pigs will let you down. Tasty? Certainly. Unusual? Perhaps. A dish requiring a recklessness in the ordering, even, but without doubt a weight-watcher's delight. The cheeses are plentiful. If you choose one, say à Camembert, it is 70p. The plateau, which quite compensates for the pig's ear, is only £1.30. Or given a sweet tooth there is a choice of 11 pâtisseries

at £1.40 and even an Irish coffee at just under £2. The wine list should be extensive enough for most tastes. Once I had a Muscadet sur Lié de Sèvre et Maine domaine de la Guitonnière which, for all its sonorous title, was £3.50 if a shade too dry; the other time a Clos Peyrere 1976 Bordeaux which was amazing value at £3.70. Had I chosen a Château Léoville Barton 1974, it would have been only £11. I was tempted but did not fall. Was I wise? Certainly I might have been better advised to sip a Courvoisier three star later at £1.50 than stake my saving on a framboise at £2.50, a drink the ferocity of which puzzlingly belies its gentle origins.

A few yards away, around the corner, down the Boulevard St Germain, opposite the Deux Magots, stands the Brasserie Lipp, which is also lined with mirrors. Here it is important to book. I avoided the framboise which I noticed was 60p a shot cheaper than at Le Muniche. But so is much else. My choice was simple. I had a full plate of anchovies at £1.40, though tempted by the soup at less than £1, and then the *Boeuf gros sel* at £4. This with its heaped meat, potatoes, leeks, was indeed a meal. With it I had the deservedly recommended house Mâcon—Château Vire 1978 at £6 a bottle. Cheeses are £1.50 for a fair hunk.

A few yards down the Boulevard is the Restaurant des Saints Pères, a smaller, humbler room, but the food as good, the menu equally limited and where £16 would easily be enough. Across the street stands Le Cour where the set lunch is £3.30 a head without wine. Back at the rue de Seine, I ate at a Vietnamese café, La Rose des Prés. Here the delicately scented rice with beef and onions in the Can Tho style was £2.50, a half bottle of quite good Côtes du Rhône £1. Obviously there are places where it is possible to spend a small fortune and have value. Here I wish only to make the point that in Paris, where wages are higher than in London, proprietors appear to be able to make a profit without charging the prices which sour us and visitors in London and other British cities.

Is it merely that in general a French restaurateur economizes by simplification in the menu, thus producing a greater certainty in purchase and in the kitchen and, by price, in the customer? That certainly is much of the case. But can it be also that in Britain a servility in the customer contributes to an easy ride for too many cafés for too long?

Le Muniche, 25-27 rue de Buci, Paris (tel: 633 62 09).

Brasserie Lipp, 151 Boulevard St Germain, Paris (tel: 548 53 91).

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WINE

For an outdoor feast

by Peta Fordham

What makes the true *fête champêtre*? Glyndebourne's stately hamper remains firmly in the majestic picnic class as do the well-filled coolboxes and sloe gin of racing lunches. The *fête champêtre* needs all the time in the world, with no deadline, musical or equestrian. The sun must be warm and the grass dry; the wine and food must be gently tempting and, when appetite is satisfied, one should be able to doze off to the song of birds and the hum of bees.

The *fête champêtre* is essentially a simple and gourmand occasion, with something earthy and relaxed about it. This type of feast is not the occasion for champagne but for a light "sparkler". In Alsace recently I came across the ideal wine for the moment of arrival, a Rosé de Marlenheim 1979, a pale, golden-pink wine, fruity but light, stocked here by Laytons, 20 Midland Road, NW1. A white Italian aperitif is the delightful and refreshing Galestro, new from Ruffino, an unbelievable 10°, sold by Hedges & Butler. An inexpensive white, such as Sainsbury's Sauvignon du Loiret Cher 1980 or Peter Dominic's South African Vredenburg Chenin Blanc, could start things off gently but a fuller, fruitier wine to set against a spiced or difficult starter is the white Corvo di Salaparuta (another Hedges & Butler wine) made in hot Sicily to cool the driest throat.

The Tuscans have a simple starter of *crudités*, which are dipped in individual pots of seasoned olive oil, and this is well matched by the local Vernaccia di San Gimignano; a delicious example comes from Barwell & Jones of Ipswich. The Bianca della Arbia from Ashlyns of Berkhamsted would also be good. With youngsters in the party—and the not-so-young, come to that—one should be tempted by that merry, often overlooked frother, Lambrusco. Victoria Wine usually have a good one.

It is difficult to leave the mental image of a sunlit scene without remembering the claims of Chianti, Barbera and the lesser Nebbiolos—all reds which expand so generously in the sun. But Italy does not have a monopoly of wines for drinking out of doors, and from France come the south-western and Provençal wines that blend easily and informally with cold meats, quiches, country bread and cheeses. Among these, copious draughts of good Beaujolais such as Duboeuf's (from Genevieve Wines of Caledonian Road, NW1) are unbeatable—a little more expensive than others I have mentioned. From the Minervois district, to be drunk with a little more restraint, perhaps, comes a soft red Terroir de Caunes and a Château de Gougazaud, both 1976 and VDQS from Tanners of Shrewsbury. Victoria Wines also have a sound, firm Saint-Chinian.

Almost anything well made from Provence suits the open air and Ellis Son & Vidler of 57 Cambridge Street, SW1, have had a Château de Calavon, another VDQS, on their lists for a long time—a real "sunshine" wine. The charms of Rioja, guaranteed to induce sleep in all but the youngest and most energetic, can be well met by the Marques de Riscal 1974 from Watsons of Norfolk Place, W2, while a new Hungarian import, a Taban red from Sopron, made from a near relative of the Beaujolais Gamay and, like it, served cool, fits happily into the outdoor pattern (R&C Vintners, 26 Burlington Lane, W4, can give stockists).

Brandies and liqueurs are not really suitable for such a meal but something lusciously sweet is irresistible. A quite humble Montbazillac AC white, the 1976 Château La Jaubertie from Simon Loftus of Adnams of Southwold, Suffolk, makes a splendid finish, reminiscent of Sauternes.

All these are relatively inexpensive wines for the family-and-friends do-as-you-please party. The really grand occasion is the time to serve pink champagne, something that everybody seems to like at these parties, though they sometimes disapprove of it indoors. Try the Laurent Perrier Rosé Brut, an NV champagne whose appearance and palate does all that that great authority, Vizetelly (an illustrious predecessor on *The Illustrated London News*) claimed for champagne's ability to lift the spirit and start a party. Selfridge's have it for about £10.50. If you are rich enough and wish to continue the pretty conceit of a "pink" theme, try the unique wine from Bandal, Domaine Ott's rose-coloured Coeur de Grain, a wine that can puzzle greatly on a blind tasting as it is something no other maker has ever achieved in a rosé, with a depth and texture that usually belongs to a red. Mentzendorf, Palace Street, SW1, import it and can tell you where to get it; but it must be ordered well in advance, as it is in short supply, as well as being expensive. To finish, something meltingly sweet: Château Coutet 1971 from The Bell, Aston Clinton, Bucks; or a Muscat de Beaume de Venise from Yapp Bros of Mere, Wilts.

A useful addition to any outdoor feast is the Australian BYO, a double wine bottle container-carrier with its own chiller which keeps wine cool for hours. Harrods and Fortnum & Mason have it and it is certainly the best I have seen as yet.

Wine of the Month

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David Jones at the Tate

by Edward Lucie-Smith

For some years before his death in 1974, David Jones enjoyed a considerable cult reputation. In part it was based, and justly, on his writings, the two major works *The Anathemata* and *In Parenthesis* in particular. In part it was founded on stories, passed round by word of mouth, about his extraordinary personality and his hermit-like mode of life in one room in Harrow-on-the-Hill. One thing, however, was certain: as an artist he scarcely entered into the mainstream of contemporary developments.

The catalogue preface for the retrospective exhibition of David Jones's work at the Tate Gallery until September 6 seems determined to put this right. It lays heavy emphasis, for instance, on Jones's connexion with the progressive Seven and Five Society between the two wars; on his links with the Nicholsons, Ben and Winifred; and on the stylistic likeness between some of his works and those of Christopher Wood. These points are valid. There is a clear resemblance between the willed simplicity of some of Ben Nicholson's early still-life paintings and David Jones's watercolour *The Table Top*, which dates from 1928. Yet I do not think these comparisons are likely to send the spectator new to Jones's work as a visual artist in the right direction.

His artistic lineage is quite clear. He is a descendant of Blake, and indeed of all Blake's artistic progeny the one who most resembles him. It is not merely that one finds in Jones, as one does in Blake, both the visionary spirit and an even division of effort between literature and painting. It is also that there is a direct historical path from one to the other.

Jones's artistic training was slightly more conventional than that of Blake. He studied at the Camberwell School of Art between 1909 and 1914, before being plunged into the maelstrom of the First World War. His experiences in that war were even more traumatic than those that befell his contemporary Stanley Spencer and, like Spencer, he was marked by them for life. For ever afterwards they haunted his imagination. He emerged from the war, and in 1921 fell into the hands of Eric Gill, immediately recognizing in him "a true master in the sense that Morris was a master". The comparison was quite deliberately chosen. Gill was in fact the true heir, in the post-war period, of the Arts and Crafts tradition which Morris had founded. Like Morris, Gill put the emphasis firmly on the idea of practical making, and he set his new disciple to work, rather unsuccessfully, learning to be a carpenter.

Jones never became a skilful workman in wood—he only learnt to be a wood engraver. But Gill's forceful personality marked him in many other ways. Gill not only held fast to Arts and



Petra im Rosenhag, 1931, pencil, watercolour and bodycolour, 30 inches by 22 inches.

Crafts principles, he practised a kind of modified Pre-Raphaelitism. His own output—his wood-engravings and most of all his sculptures—had a medievalizing archaism which the original Pre-Raphaelites would have recognized and found sympathetic. In his religious beliefs—and these were important to his attitudes as a whole—Gill went further than most of his 19th-century exemplars, since he was converted to Roman Catholicism. So, too, was his pupil. The

Catholic faith, and his own interpretation of that faith, remained central to Jones's work for the rest of his life.

The most striking thing about Jones's Catholicism is that it is so consciously Celtic. In 1924 Gill and the community he had founded moved from their original base at Ditchling in Sussex to the Black Mountains of Wales. They settled at the former monastery of Capel-y-ffin, north of Abergavenny. When David Jones went to join them

there it was a kind of home-coming, though he had never previously had much contact with Wales. Both Welsh landscape and Welsh legend began to haunt his imagination. In particular he became increasingly drawn to the *Morte Darthur* and the rest of the "Matter of Britain". In the Arthurian cycle, he, like others before him, found mystical Christian meanings. To these legends he managed to fuse not only what he found in the Bible but the substance

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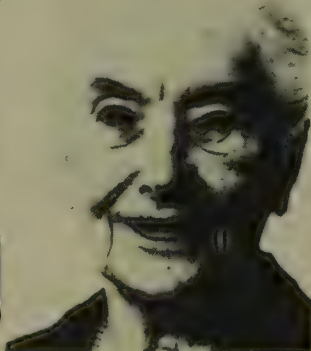
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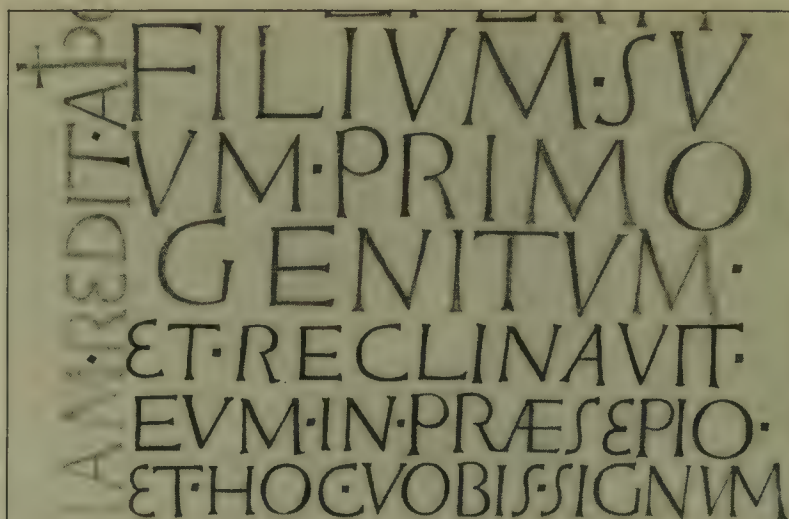
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ART



Detail from *Exit Edictum*, drawing, 16 inches high by 13 inches wide.

of Greek mythology as well.

Blake was the original ancestor of a major part of the Pre-Raphaelite tradition which Eric Gill represented. In the 19th century Dante Gabriel Rossetti was largely responsible for the revival in Blake's reputation. Jones, with his involuted literariness, was ideally suited both to transmit Blake's message and at the same time to make it into something entirely his own. Like Blake, he was never a successful painter in oils. His medium was watercolour—watercolour making a great deal of use of drawn outline. As he progressed, his watercolour technique grew ever more elaborate, something one sees in Blake's drawings as well, though his seldom have the palimpsest-like quality that one finds in David Jones.

There was another reason why Jones chose watercolours rather than oils: persistent ill-health. In the early 1930s, shortly after the completion of the first draft of *In Parenthesis*, David Jones suffered a nervous breakdown from which he never fully recovered. Its consequences were to haunt him for the rest of his life. Yet, however debilitated he was physically and depressed mentally, his art continued to develop. In 1936-37 he made the first in a long series of densely packed drawings in which, as the Tate catalogue puts it, "he attempted to give bodily form to his sense of the continual presence of Divine Grace through all history". Though he was insistent that he wanted to remain contemporary, to give a sense of what he called "nowness" in his work, these preoccupations make him seem far removed from most of the English art that was being produced at the same period, though there are obvious parallels to some of the major literature of the time, and in particular to the poetry of T. S. Eliot. Eliot was one of Jones's chief admirers, and publisher of his writings.

Yet one must not emphasize David Jones's isolation too much. One comparison insistently comes to mind which I am astonished not to discover made in the Tate catalogue. This is with the work of Edward Burra. It is true that in subject matter and cultural preoccupations Burra and Jones seem far removed from

one another. Burra delighted in urban low life—his ventures into the fantastic were also ventures into the demoniacal. The havens of his imagination were low bars in New York and Paris, not the noble stone halls and mountain tops of Arthurian legend. On the other hand, consider the things the two artists have in common—isolation, ill-health, neurasthenia, the very personal use of watercolour on an often ambitious scale. They also have a weakness in common—the fact that they rely less and less, as time goes on, upon what they have been able to observe directly.

In his final years Jones turned increasingly to making inscriptions. The texts are often taken from the liturgy, and especially from the Mass, and even more directly than his watercolours they express his sense of the sacred. Gill, too, is an important maker of inscriptions, but David Jones's attitude differs greatly from that of the man who was his master. From Gill he takes the respect for the great Roman letter forms, though giving them an accentuation borrowed from the manuscripts of the Dark Ages. But he does not write so that the words can be read easily. He packs the letters together so that the spectator is chiefly conscious of their power as mystic signs. To name a thing was to show it.

David Jones presents an extraordinary phenomenon. Here is a man who was keenly aware of the heritage of Cézanne, and of Cézanne's wish to "do Poussin again after nature". But to this he added a personal gloss: "Perhaps we might almost say that we must do Cézanne's apples again, after the nature of Julian of Norwich's little nut, 'which endureth and ever shall for God loveth it'." The tradition which he represents sends up shoots which are relatively sparse, and which at the same time are deeply rooted in British art and in the British sensibility. It took Blake some time to find his place in the pantheon of national artists as well as of national poets, and it now seems likely that David Jones will be promoted to an almost equivalent place. It will be fascinating to see how the public reacts to this exhibition.

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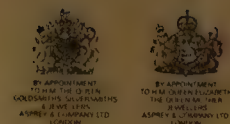
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The outermost giant

by Patrick Moore

The Sun has a fascinating family. No two of its planets are alike and each has its own special points of interest. Five of them—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn—have been known since ancient times, and indeed they could hardly be overlooked as they shine more brightly than most stars even when badly placed, and both Venus and Jupiter are always extremely brilliant. Together with the Sun and Moon these planets made a grand total of seven and, since seven was the mystical number of the ancients, the Solar System was tacitly regarded as complete.

Then, in 1781, William Herschel astounded the astronomical world by his discovery of a new planet, now called Uranus. It is only just visible with the naked eye and it is hardly surprising that it was overlooked for so long.

When Uranus had been under observation for some years, it became clear that it was not moving as might have been expected. It was wandering away from its predicted position. Something was pulling it and there seemed every reason to suppose that this something was another planet, moving in an orbit still further away from the Sun.

Various suggestions were made, but

the first mathematicians to make detailed calculations were John Couch Adams in England and Urbain Leverrier in France. They worked independently and knew nothing about each other. Adams, a young Cambridge graduate, finished his calculations in 1845; he was confident that he knew the position of the planet fairly accurately and he contacted the then Astronomer Royal, Airy, in the hope that a search would be put in hand.

A whole chapter of accidents followed. Airy was not initially enthusiastic; Adams failed to reply to a question which the Astronomer Royal put to him, and nothing was done. Adams also contacted a well-known amateur, William Lassell, but when the letter arrived Lassell was *hors de combat* with a sprained ankle, and the letter was mislaid. Meanwhile Leverrier had finished his work and, after failing to interest his French colleagues, he sent his results to the Berlin Observatory. Johann Galle and his assistant Heinrich d'Arrest lost no time. Using the fine Berlin refractor (now on display in the Munich Museum) they set to work, and found the planet almost immediately. It was named Neptune.

By now Airy had heard of Leverrier's work and had asked James Challis, professor of astronomy at Cambridge, to

begin a search. Challis had no good maps of the area and adopted a slow and cumbersome method of procedure, failing to compare his observations promptly. Only when Leverrier's triumph had been announced did he realize he had seen Neptune twice without recognizing it as the expected planet. A somewhat undignified dispute about priority followed. Today Leverrier and Adams are regarded as co-discoverers of Neptune, though in fact the first man to identify it was Galle.

Though both Leverrier and Adams had given remarkably correct positions for Neptune, the orbits they had worked out proved to be very wide of the mark. In particular, Neptune was much closer to the Sun than they had expected; it is, on average, 2,793 million miles away and it takes $164\frac{1}{2}$ years to complete one revolution.

Neptune and Uranus are often regarded as twins and certainly they are similar in size and mass. Uranus is now known to be slightly larger, with a diameter of around 32,000 miles compared with Neptune's 30,000 miles, but it is not so massive or dense.

Perhaps the most notable difference between the two outer giants is that according to all the evidence Neptune has an internal heat-source while Uranus has not. The reason for this is

unknown: whether the difference in axial inclination is involved in any way remains to be seen.

Uranus has five known satellites, all smaller than our Moon. Neptune has only two, but one of these, Triton, is of planetary size; its diameter may be well over 3,000 miles, larger than that of Mercury or any other satellite in the Solar System. It is unique among large satellites in that it moves round Neptune in a retrograde or wrong-way direction—that is, opposite to the way in which Neptune rotates. The other satellite, Nereid, is no more than 300 miles in diameter at most and has a very eccentric orbit.

Does Neptune have a ring? Saturn's glorious ring-system is in a class of its own, but both Jupiter and Uranus have more obscure rings and Neptune might be expected to follow the general pattern. On the other hand, the retrograde motion of the massive Triton may make conditions above the Neptunian cloud-tops unstable, and it seems likely that Neptune, alone of the giants, may be ringless. The question may be answered in August, 1989, when the Voyager 2 probe should fly by the planet and send back information from close range. If it does so, it will be the first spacecraft to rendezvous with all four giant planets in turn. ●

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MONEY

The other car's fault

by John Gaselee

If you should be involved with another motorist in a road accident and you feel that it was due solely to his negligence, you will not necessarily be able to make a full recovery and thus avoid claiming on your policy. It has been calculated that one in 13 of the cars on the road today are uninsured and, although that is no valid reason for a motorist to avoid paying for damage for which he is legally liable, making a recovery could prove difficult.

While you may wish to check on another motorist's insurance, you are entitled to see a certificate of insurance only if there has been personal injury.

If possible, in the event of an accident try to obtain the name and addresses of any witnesses; their evidence could be invaluable in proving that the accident was caused by the negligence of the other motorist. Also, if a police officer arrives, take his name and number, too.

Even if it looks as though you will not be claiming on your policy the insurers should be advised. Having taken that precaution, you will be able to recover from your insurers if you run into difficulties at a later stage or if another motorist makes an unexpected claim against you. Failure to advise them of the accident within the time limit specified in the policy would give them the right to decline to handle the claim.

Unfortunately, a no-claim discount is not a no-blame discount. If a claim is made on your policy, your no-claim discount will suffer at the next renewal. Many insurers, however, agree to pay for broken windscreens and windows without affecting the discount.

Increasing interest is being shown in policies providing certain "protection" for a no-claim discount; Guardian Royal Exchange Assurance is one major car insurer offering this facility. If you qualify for a no-claim discount at the rate of 65 per cent (after five or more continuous claim-free years), you can opt for a reduction to 60 per cent and, in return, protection for it. It is guaranteed that the 60 per cent discount will apply at each renewal provided that during the five years preceding renewal not more than two claims have been made. To qualify, the main user of the car has to be between the ages of 25 and 75.

The Provincial Insurance Co adopts a slightly different approach with its Mature Motorists Policy. Here, for someone eligible for the top rate of discount, a net premium is charged which is not affected by the odd claim. To prevent small claims being made the policy incorporates a compulsory excess.

Where a no-claim discount is at risk, and you consider that an accident was caused solely by the negligence of another motorist, it will be necessary to recover the cost of your repairs from that motorist or from his insurers so

that, effectively, your insurers do not settle any claim. This is where the "knock for knock" agreement comes in. Many motor insurers agree among themselves not to worry about where the blame lies after a collision between two cars, both of which were comprehensively insured. Each insurer simply pays for the damage to the car it insures. Insurers do not want this domestic agreement to prejudice their policy holders, however, and so, usually, if you can prove that it would have been possible to have made a full recovery from the other side in the absence of the knock for knock agreement your no-claim discount should not be affected.

If you have an excess in your policy one of the best ways of retaining your discount is to recover the excess amount from the other motorist or his insurers. Since your insurers will not pay this, it is worth trying to make such a recovery from the other side—even when there is no no-claim discount at stake.

If, as a result of an accident, your car is off the road for some time, you may need to hire a replacement. Unfortunately, the great majority of policies will not meet this cost, though an exception is General Accident's comprehensive policy. This company, which is the largest UK motor insurer, automatically provides cover for the free hire of a Godfrey Davis car for up to a fortnight when the insured car is off the road as a result of an accident which will form a claim, or if it has been stolen. Sometimes it is possible to arrange separate insurance to cover the cost of hiring a car. In this case, however, it may not be possible to make a claim for the first three days that the car is off the road.

If you consider that an accident was caused solely by the negligence of another motorist, it may be possible to claim from him the cost of hiring a substitute car, less the normal running expenses which you would have incurred with your own car. There is, however, no guarantee of success. All too often the other motorist's insurers will suggest that a claim is made against them when the final hire cost is known. They are most unlikely to say straight away that they will pay, thus there is a risk that the claim may not succeed.

Should an insured car be stolen or written off in an accident, the insurers will usually pay the full value of the car immediately before the accident or theft. Where a car has been damaged and a "total loss" is paid, the insurers are entitled to take the wreckage as salvage.

Sometimes there can be a difference of opinion over how much should be paid. Occasionally a sum slightly below the cost of a comparable car may be fair, on the grounds that the actual cost of a second-hand car takes into account the fact that the dealer might have to take a car in part exchange. For cash, he might be prepared to make some reduction in the asking price ●



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Two centuries of luxury

by Ursula Robertshaw

Next month Asprey's of Bond Street celebrate their bicentenary with an exhibition, from September 10 to 19, of selected antique objects made by them during the last 200 years.

From the past we can see such things as the writing case of coromandel wood, made by Charles Asprey in about 1860-70, with gilded metal fittings and prettily painted porcelain panels. Or there is a doctor's travelling case, commissioned and made in 1859, of black leather—what else?—containing silver-capped bottles, crystal jars with ivory plates on to which they could be screwed to form a kind of bell-jar, specimen boxes, and a handy copy of *Chepmill's Homeopathy* for quick reference.

Fitted cases, many of them made to order, have always been an Asprey speciality. When the firm was started in 1781 in Mitcham it was engaged in calico and silk printing, and William Asprey, a descendant of Huguenot refugees who had come to England in the 17th century, decided to diversify into



dressing cases because of the decline in the textile printing industry. In the 1830s William's son Charles set up in Bond Street, first at 49, then in late 1848 at 166 New Bond Street, where the firm still is.

By 1851 Asprey's were winning medals at the Great Exhibition and from then on, adding to the firm's skills by taking over businesses specializing in leather work, silversmithing, watchmaking, jewelry and so on, they built up their reputation of making expensive luxury objects for rich patrons. Their royal purple boxes and wrapping paper with matching mauve tape are something of a status symbol for recipients. The firm's clientele includes many royal patrons and heads of state; and they have held the royal warrant since 1861.

Today Asprey's still make fine things for rich people. The dressing table set illustrated, in three shades of 18 carat gold, might have been made in the

1880s; in fact it was awarded first prize in an Arts Council competition in 1977. The clock, however, is very much of today. In 18 carat gold, silver, lapis lazuli, rock crystal, 9.86 carats of diamonds, and a 3.79 carat emerald, it is called the *Mysterieuse* for excellent reasons. Asprey's will not say how it works, other than that its eight-day winding mechanism is in the base. It costs £56,000 or so, according to the materials the customer chooses.

It has been fashionable recently to knock Asprey's for pandering to the dubious taste of the new oil-rich or for demonstrating the techniques of conspicuous waste. But until the day comes when we all have exactly the same purchasing power, and taste is dictated by some body such as the Council for Deciding What You Should Admire This Month, there is a place for fine workmanship in exquisite materials. In other words, for Asprey's ●



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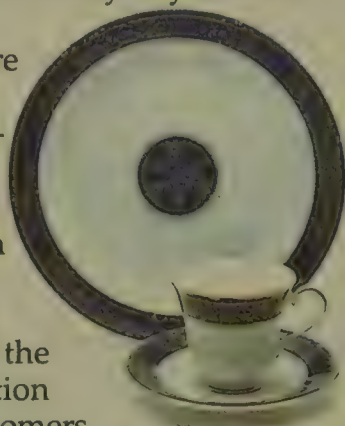
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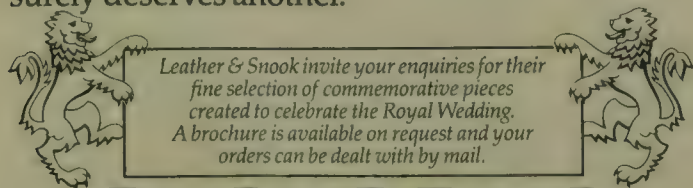
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MOTORING

The bespoke business

by Stuart Marshall

The genuine bespoke motor car hardly exists any more. Even so, a number of small and exclusive manufacturers remain. Their products may be off the peg (and often make use of engines and transmissions of humble birth) but they are readily distinguishable from assembly-line cars.

Take the best-known specialist car maker in the world, Rolls-Royce. Their cars cost between £50,000 (the Silver Spirit) and £150,000 (the Phantom VI limousine). Much the same performance and even comparable luxury can be had from Jaguar or Mercedes at a fraction of the price—but not the prestige.

Price considerations apart, the pigmies among the car-making giants do offer some agreeable products. Aston Martin still insist on making their own V8 engine, though their output is down to about three or four cars a week. Their 2+2 sports saloon, substantially unchanged for more than a decade, is a splendid car to drive, even though it justifies its £38,000-plus price tag only at the kind of speeds that render one liable to arrest.

Bristol, from around £32,700, combine the virtues of a massive American V8 engine with an ultra-smooth automatic transmission in a finely engineered chassis, clothing it with a saloon or convertible coachwork of traditional elegance. At an altogether lower level Carbodies of Coventry turn Ford Cortina saloons into convertibles at prices ranging from £8,700 to £9,800. Crayford Engineering, of Westerham, Kent, do the same with the Mercedes-Benz 280 at more than twice the price.

The Continent has its specialists, too. De Tomaso, Ferrari and Maserati still produce small numbers of very high-performance exotica. Lamborghini, Ferrari's erstwhile rival, now confines his activities to more mundane—and profitable—products like four-wheel-drive agricultural tractors. Perhaps the largest and most successful of all specialist car makers is Porsche of Germany. Porsche make less use of proprietary components than many

specialists—with an annual output of 35,000 they can afford to—and their cars are beautifully put together, even the least costly 924 at under £10,000.

Back in Britain, Lotus have moved steadily up market from those far off days when the stark Super Seven was every young driver's sporting dream. The Eclat I used recently was furnished in the best executive style and was so quiet at 100mph and more that listening to the superb stereo was still a pleasure. Limited production volume forces Lotus to use glass fibre reinforced plastic bodywork, but their techniques are so good that you would never suspect it. The Eclat and the similar, though hatchback-equipped, Elite prove that very fast cars need not be thirsty if properly shaped. Both will exceed 130mph but reward an economy-minded driver with 23 or 24mpg. Their roadholding and handling reflect race breeding; but their £16,260-plus prices put them beyond the reach of all but a few hundred buyers each year.

Reliant's aging Scimitar comes as a sporting semi-estate—the first of its kind when launched in the 1960s—or convertible, both with Ford V6 engines at £11,790 upwards. And TVR of Blackpool use the same engine in a rather different kind of car. Their Tasmin is a sporting two-seater, trimmed to a high standard and put forward as a British-made alternative to the Porsche. It is a pleasing car to drive, costing from £11,800.

Panther once concentrated on ultra-extravagant cars like a near-replica of the Jaguar SS 100 of the 1930s and that showbiz delight, the £67,000 De Ville, which one feels was inspired by the Bugatti Royale. But a few years ago they tried to move into a market where sales are counted in hundreds rather than handfuls with an attractive, Vauxhall-engined two-seater called the Lima. The car was a potential winner but the firm ran into financial troubles, from which it has been rescued by South Korean interests. Despite the continuing recession, Panther's prospects look better now than those of many specialists existing at the precarious end of high-risk car manufacture.



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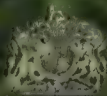


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Taking chances

by Jack Marx

A declarer must usually by nature be something of an optimist, for it may often seem that success will depend on the cards lying in a certain way and he must therefore assume they do. But he does not need to be a blind optimist relying entirely on the main chance as he can frequently combine it with one or more subsidiary chances.

On the first of these hands North-South could not be said to have overstrained themselves in arriving at Three No-trumps. Even when faced with an opening heart lead, South as declarer remained quite complacent about the outcome. After all, he was viewing a combined count of 29 high-card points and two establishable long suits.

♠ 64	Dealer South
♥ A2	Game All
♦ Q64	
♣ KJ9876	
♠ 983	♠ J1072
♥ J10984	♥ Q753
♦ K1083	♦ 7
♣ A	♣ 10532
♠ AKQ5	
♥ K6	
♦ AJ952	
♣ Q4	

Checking up on his prospects, South could see five certain tricks in the majors and that he would therefore need four from the minors. As on this lead he could not afford to lose the lead more than once, he decided that they would all have to come from one minor rather than from both.

The choice of clubs seemed obvious, since all he had to do was to knock out the Ace and rely on the odds-on 3-2 break. Unfortunately he paid no regard to the by no means negligible risk of a 4-1 split. He won the first heart in hand and led the Club Queen, but even if he leads a small club the effect is the same. West perforce wins and by continuing hearts prevents declarer taking more than two clubs. With the diamond finesse wrong the contract must fail.

The far-sighted winning play is to lead the Ace of Diamonds at trick two. This will ensure four diamond tricks whenever there is a singleton or doubleton King in either hand or four to the King Ten with East. With the actual lay-out West cannot afford to win the second round of diamonds, for South will then take four tricks in the suit. So declarer wins dummy's Queen and turns his attention to clubs, thus ensuring two tricks in each of the minors. At the other table in a team-of-four match North-South met with opposition in hearts with the result that they sheered away from no-trumps and went down in Five Diamonds. East-West were pained to learn that their enterprise had gone unrewarded through the ineptitude of their southern team-mate.

On the following hand South was

again declarer at Three No-trumps and again faced a heart lead.

♠ Q64	Dealer South
♥ 53	East-West Game
♦ A65	
♣ KQJ76	
♠ J92	♠ K73
♥ 109872	♥ Q6
♦ QJ4	♦ 10987
♣ 94	♣ A1082
♠ A1085	
♥ AKJ4	
♦ K32	
♣ 53	

With six top tricks outside clubs, declarer decided to go for three tricks in that suit. In this he would succeed whenever clubs break 3-3 or West holds a doubleton or singleton Ace. Accordingly, he led a club to dummy's King at trick two, but East ducked. Returning to Spade Ace, South led another club, this time taken by East, who switched to Diamond Ten. With only one entry to dummy, clubs and spades disoblighing, South came to eight tricks only.

If only the possible solution had occurred to him, South could ensure three club tricks by playing low from both hands on the first round of the suit. He would win in hand whatever were returned and lead his remaining small club to clear the suit.

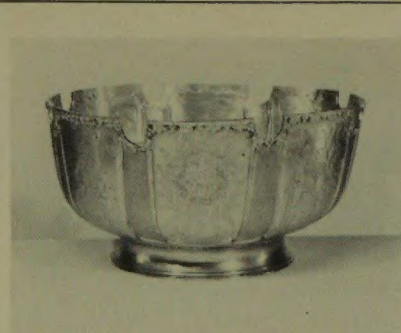
More happily, this third hand proved to be a success story for South.

♠ 9864	Dealer West
♥ AQ985	North-South Game
♦ AJ	
♣ A10	
♠ KJ103	♠ 5
♥ K63	♥ J10742
♦ K106	♦ Q73
♣ KQ9	♣ 8432
♠ AQ72	
♥ void	
♦ 98542	
♣ J765	

West	North	East	South
1NT (13-15)	DBL	2H	2S
No	4S		END

The only lead to beat the contract is a diamond, though West has no special reason for finding it. In fact he led a small heart, his partner's bid suit. With two likely losers in trumps, South's main task is to avoid more than one in the combined minor suits. To this end he did not bother with the heart finesse, but ruffed in hand to lead a club. Dummy's Ace took West's Queen, and the Ten to West's King was followed by the Nine to South's Jack, with Diamond Jack pitched from dummy. After Diamond Ace, Heart Ace, heart ruff, diamond ruff, South threw his last club on the good Heart Queen and West ruffed.

West's last four cards included three trumps and he staved off the trump end-play by forcing dummy to ruff his King of Diamonds. Declarer led dummy's last heart and, though covered by East, South read the position exactly by unloading his diamond. West had to ruff and lead into South's trump tenace ●



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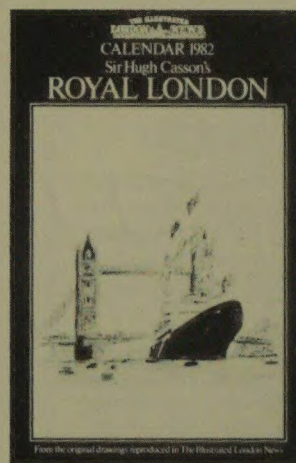
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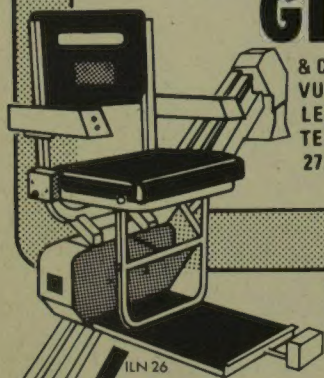
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CHESS

Russian revelations

by John Nunn

Chess books by Russian players are sometimes disappointing, but not so *Grandmaster Preparation* by Lev Polugaevsky (Pergamon, £8.80 hardcover, £4.90 flexicover). This book is quite simply superb. In it one of the top Russian grandmasters describes how he prepares openings, analyses adjourned games and pinpoints his opponents' weaknesses. Polugaevsky reveals that before playing the variation of the Sicilian that now bears his name he analysed it for several hours each day, every day for six months. His adjourned games are analysed for 20 or even 25 hours. Being a chess professional is clearly no easy life.

Here is a game by Polugaevsky, from the recent Moscow international, in which he demonstrates how devastating a prepared innovation can be.

Polugaevsky Torre White Black Meran Variation

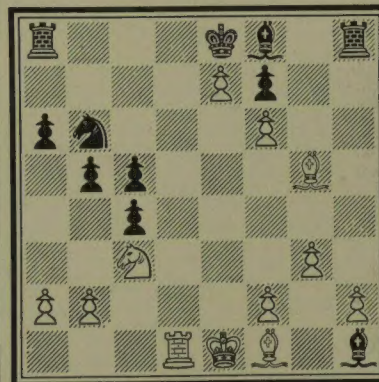
- | | | |
|----|-------|---------|
| 1 | P-Q4 | P-Q4 |
| 2 | P-QB4 | P-QB3 |
| 3 | N-KB3 | N-KB3 |
| 4 | N-B3 | P-K3 |
| 5 | B-N5 | PxP |
| 6 | P-K4 | P-N4 |
| 7 | P-K5 | P-KR3 |
| 8 | B-R4 | P-N4 |
| 9 | KNxP | PxN |
| 10 | BxNP | QN-Q2 |
| 11 | PxN | B-QN2 |
| 12 | P-KN3 | P-QB4!? |

The Meran variation has been played now for over 40 years but no conclusion has been reached on its merits. The move 12... P-QB4!? is a double-edged alternative to the more usual 12... Q-N3.

- | | | |
|----|------|------|
| 13 | P-Q5 | N-N3 |
| 14 | PxP! | |

This rook sacrifice is more or less forced since otherwise White loses his queen's pawn.

- | | | |
|----|------|----------|
| 14 | | ...QxQch |
| 15 | RxQ | BxR |
| 16 | P-K7 | P-R3 |



17 P-KR4!!

Polugaevsky's amazing discovery. Previously 17 PxB=Qch KxQ (17... RxQ? 18 R-Q6 N-Q2 19 B-B4! 0-0 20 B-R3 is good for White) 18 B-K3 R-R4 19 R-Q6 R-N1 20 B-K2

R-K4 had been the main line, with an equal position. The point of 17 P-KR4 is that Black's extra rook on KR1 will have extreme difficulty escaping from the prison created by White's pawns.

17 ...B-R3
18 P-B4 P-N5
19 R-Q6 R-QN1
If 19... PxN 20 RxN BxB 21 BPxB K-Q2 22 BxP KR-QN1 23 RxR RxR 24 PxP K-K1 25 P-R5 B-K5 26 BxRP followed by P-QR4 and B-N5ch when White wins.

20 N-Q1 BxB
21 BPxB N-Q4
Forced or else N-K3 will completely immobilize Black.

22 BxP NxKP
23 PxN KxP

Black has survived the immediate crisis but White still has a clear advantage. Material is roughly level but Black's pieces are passively placed and White has a trump card in his passed KR pawn. Torre defends ingeniously but is unable to save the game.

24 R-KB6 KR-KB1
25 N-K3 B-K5
26 RxRP QR-Q1
27 R-KB6 RQ3

Black is handicapped by the weakness of his KBP which prevents the rook on KB1 coming into active play.

28 R-B4 R-Q5
29 P-R5 B-Q6!
30 N-Q5ch K-Q3
31 RxR PxR
32 B-N3! B-B7
33 BxB KxN
34 B-N3ch K-K4
35 P-N4 K-B5
36 P-N6 K-K6
37 P-N7 R-B1
38 K-B1 P-Q6
39 K-N2 K-B5

40 P-R6 and Black resigned.

Another good recent book is *Analysing the Endgame* by Jon Speelman (Batsford, £4.95 softback). Britain's latest grandmaster analyses a number of endgames with scrupulous care having the aim of penetrating to the truth about them. In particular there are a number of corrections of analysis from Fine's classic *Basic Chess Endings* and Averbakh and Maizelis's *Pawn Endings*. Heavy going for club players perhaps, but the accuracy of the analysis is a delight. Unfortunately I cannot say the same about the accuracy of the diagrams, since in particular diagrams 51, 107, 140, 161, 165, 167, 171 and 182 contain errors. It is fortunate that in most cases the correct position is readily deducible.

Leonard Barden's *Play Better Chess* (Octopus Books, £4.95 hardback) is for players ranging from beginners to club strength. The chess correspondent of *The Guardian* and the *Financial Times* has packed the book with tips on every aspect of chess. The informal style and attractive appearance make it especially suitable for younger players.



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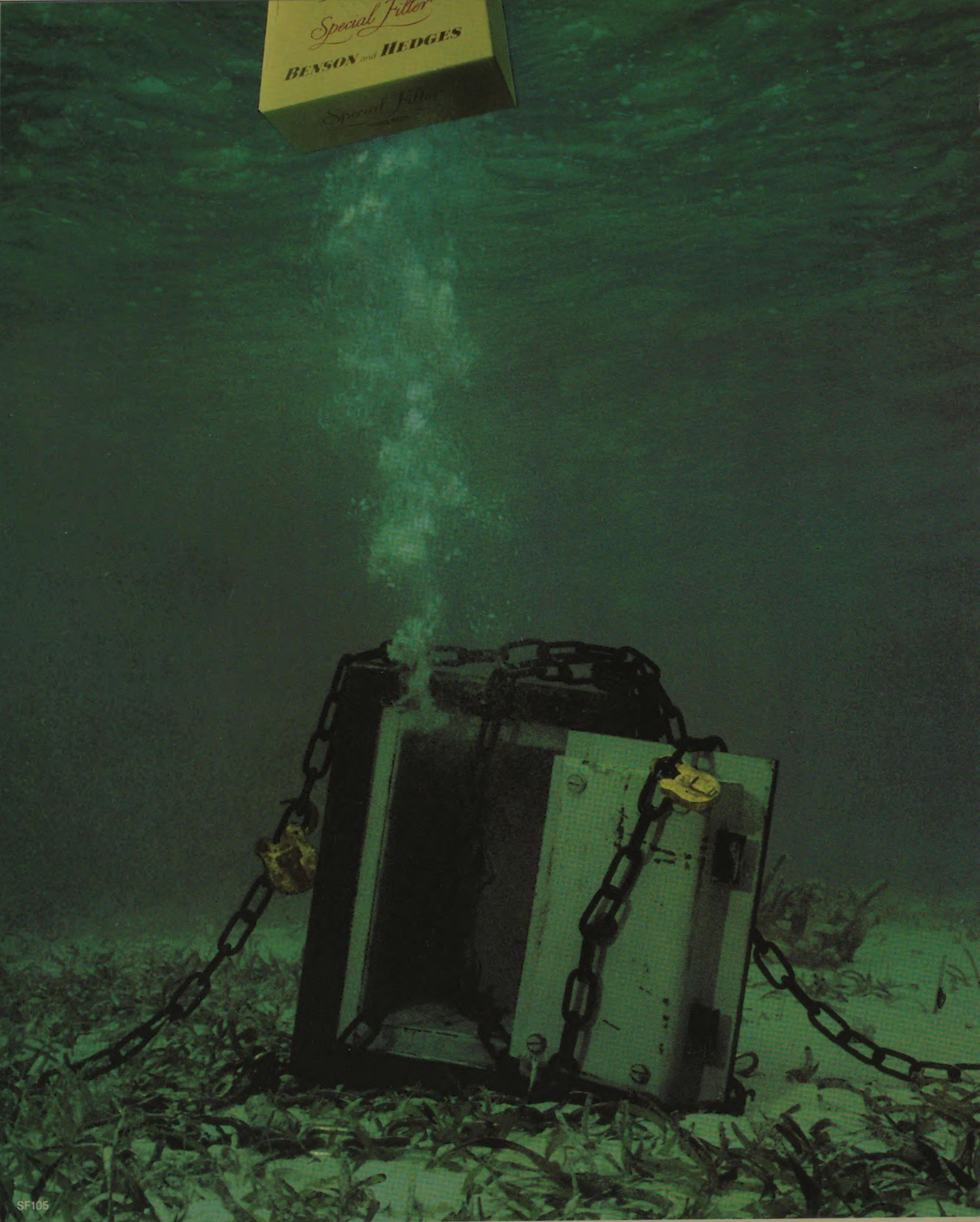


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